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Business Manager's Announcement

THE SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE, which is conducted by the student body of Sweet Briar College, is at present published quarterly.

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Order of Service

HYMN No. 51—Hark! the Herald Angels Sing - - - *Mendelssohn*

SENTENCES

LORD'S PRAYER

HYMN No. 59—It Came Upon the Midnight Clear - - - - *Willis*

CREED

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FIRST LESSON—Isaiah 9:1-8

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SECOND LESSON—St. Luke 2:1-14

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Silent Night - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Haydn*

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MISS DUSHANE
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MISS ESTILL
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MISS HUNTLEY
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MISS LOGAN
MISS MARKLE
MISS MOORE
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MISS RANDOLPH
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MISS SCHUTTE
MISS TIMPSON
MISS WHEELWRIGHT
MISS WHITE

ALTOS

MISS BAKER
MISS DICK
MISS FORBUSH
MISS FOSTER
MISS GRANT
MISS HAFNER
MISS HOWLAND
MISS LEWIS
MISS MORENUS
MISS STEVENSON

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VIOLINS

MISS HULL
MISS ALEXANDER
MISS DEUTSCH
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CELLOS

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The Sweet Briar Magazine

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The First Frontier

IN a hall of the State Library in Richmond hangs a series of maps showing the development of the English Colonies in the great, roughly defined block of territory that had been named Virginia. Through the seventeenth century the spot of red that denotes the settlement on Jamestown Island extends along the river bank and the levels of the coast and gradually turns westward to the foothills of the Blue Ridge. There it is checked at the long ridge of the Appalachians. Until the first quarter of the eighteenth century is over, the red line does not cross the mountains to the west. Until that time explorers and Indian traders were the only men to climb the passes into the wide valley beyond the ridge.

There are several traditions of the earliest discoverers of the valley of the Shenandoah, but the first authentic account is that of Jacob Lederer. He was commissioned by Governor Berkeley to explore the country back of the mountains, and it is from his written statement that the colonists first learned

the nature of their possessions beyond the ridge. In 1716 Governor Spottiswoode set out, with a party of gentlemen, to climb the "Blue Mountains." On the summit they drank the King's health and returned to form the order of the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe."

The country into which Governor Spottiswoode and his company looked, or thought they looked (for from their position it would have been impossible to see the great sweep of the valley), was not, however, to be settled from the colonists of the river and coast settlements. In the first place, these settlers were not crowded for land. The rich river fields were unexhausted even under the depletion of heavy crops of tobacco. As yet there was no need to cross the mountain walls into the territory of the hostile Indians. Also there were causes in Europe which made the emigrants into the valley come from a source very different from that of the eastern Virginians.

During the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century Europe was perpetually at war. Germany, in especial, was a continued battlefield for religious and political wars. In America, William Penn had formed his colony of Pennsylvania. Penn himself visited Germany, and a book describing his colony was circulated in Germany, much as a prospectus of Western lands is distributed to-day. The Dutch ship owners had emigration agents in the German ports. From 1727 the German emigration to America increased until it reached, in 1749, the number of forty-five hundred. From Ireland and Scotland came political refugees. Some of these settled in Pennsylvania and the northern colonies. In Pennsylvania itself the settlers wanted more land for their children. The Valley of Virginia furnished an outlet for their growing colony.

South of Pennsylvania, the Appalachians on one side of the valley, and the Alleghany Ridge opposite, made a wide

channel into the South. In 1732 Joist Hite and his sons-in-law, with Jacob Chrisman, Robert McKay, and others, left Pennsylvania for the valley. They probably followed an old Indian trail to the South, crossing the Cohongoruton (the Indian name of the Potomac), a little above Harper's Ferry. In the valley they settled near the present town of Winchester. Two years later Benjamin Allen, Riley Moore, and William White from Monocacy, in Maryland, moved to the valley. From Pennsylvania came the earliest Quaker immigrants, the Mills, the Walkers, McKays, Hackneys, Bensons, Luptons, Barretts, Dillons.

The first settlers of the valley took up their claims along the two great branches of the Shenandoah and the smaller rivers of the valley. These river banks, on which Joist Hite and his company built their log cabins, had been the residences of the Delawares, a great fighting tribe of Indians. William Penn had set the example of purchasing the Indian lands, and the Quaker settlers in the valley were urged to follow his example. Thomas Chaukley writes to the Quaker monthly meeting at Opequon:

"As nature hath given them (the Indians) and their forefathers possession of this continent of America, they had a natural right thereto in justice and equity; and no people ought to take away or settle on other men's lands . . . . without consent or purchasing same by agreement of parties concerned. . . . Consider that . . . . the Virginians have made an agreement with the natives to go as far as the mountains and no further; and you are over and beyond the mountains, therefore, out of their agreement, by which you lie open to the insults and incursions of the Southern Indians."*

*Quoted in Samuel Kercheval's "History of the Valley," Woodstock, 1850.

The settlers, however, did not follow the wise plan of William Penn. The later story of the Indian wars is a long and bloody chapter in the history of the valley.

Throughout the eighteenth century a steady stream of immigration continued to the valley, some directly from Germany, Scotland and Ireland, some from Pennsylvania and the northern colonies, a little across the mountains from the East. Along the coast the majority of the settlers had been of English origin, and much of their manner of life was a continuation of their English traditions. Among the mixed nationalities of the valley developed a mode of life differing greatly from the customs of the eastern side of the Blue Ridge.

As the land was the basis of their civilization, its distribution is one of the most striking differences between the East and the West. Along the coast the tendency was to gather up the land into great plantations. Slave labor had made it possible to work profitably large tracts of land. Since the first Dutch shipload of slaves in 1619, slave labor had been the economic foundation of the coast. Although a settlement in the valley had been made by overseers and slaves from the East, there were few slaves found in the Valley of Virginia. The histories of the valley mention in their anecdotes of various families "a black boy," or "a black woman," as belonging to the personages of their stories, but these were but a small number of household servants. As late as 1840 Dr. Ruffner estimated the number of slaves in the east of the State as eight times greater than the slave population of the valley. The head of a large plantation was both a likeness of the chief of an old English manor, and the modern capitalist, owner of a large and valuable store of the instruments and raw materials of production. The settler in the valley was, before he acquired his land, like the artisan, with his own labor as his only stock-in-trade. On this account, he

could take up only as much land as he and his family were able to cultivate with their own hands. Building a cabin and raising a crop of grain entitled the occupant to four hundred acres of land and preëmption rights to one thousand more. An ingenious gentleman named Jacob Stover applied to the Governor of Virginia for a grant of five thousand acres on the Shenandoah. His request was refused, unless he could produce the required number of families to settle it within a given time. He gave family names to each of his horses, dogs, cows, and pigs, voyaged to England with his list of settlers and obtained the land.

At that time the land that they cultivated was a rolling prairie, sloping up into hills near the mountains. There were few trees in the bottoms, and the hillsides were covered with wild vines. On the levels the prairie grass grew five or six feet high. It was wonderful pasturage for cattle, and the valley people began to raise large herds of them. In the east tobacco had been the favorite crop, until its cultivation had to be prohibited by law. The planters of the East were on the river banks, and could easily send their tobacco by water to the seacoast for export. Before the days of railroads the valley farmers had no transportation for their products, except by slow caravans, over the mountains. Their rich soil, therefore, was not exhausted by tobacco, because it would have been tedious and difficult, as well as expensive, to send out the tobacco wagons over the mountains to the East. Their exports were those which, like the cattle, could be sent out on their own feet.

On account of the distances and hardships of travel, the valley people were almost entirely isolated from the rest of the colonies. Although the plantation of the East was often a complete village in itself, the planter imported from England many of his own possessions: his furniture, his books and silver, the satins and brocades that were not yet

made in the colonies. The settler of the West could bring in only a few goods from the outside world. Each family had to produce for itself everything that was required for its own consumption. The women of the family spun flax and carded wool, and wove them into the coarse homespun of their linsey petticoats and bedgowns. They also cut and sewed the men's garments, which, for the younger men, especially, were often copied from the dress of their Indian neighbors. Their costume was a hunting shirt, and leggins of soft, fringed deerskin. At the belt they wore a tomahawk and a scalping knife. The men were artisans as well as farmers, tanning the hides of their cattle and from them cobbling the shoes for the family. Often they followed the pattern of the Indian moccasin. They hollowed out wooden bowls from the knotted branches of ash trees, and made casks of wood, ornamenting the later by using alternate strips of red and white cedar. When it was necessary they repaired their own tools, and often made parts of them with their own hands. A century after its earliest settlement, Cyrus McCormick built the first reaping machine, in a blacksmith's shop in Rockbridge County, in the Valley of Virginia.

The men of the settlements were mighty hunters of the deer, the bear, and the wild turkey that were plentiful in the forests. In the woods they built shelters of logs and branches, carefully screened with leaves, constructed like an Adirondack camp, with the front open to the air. In these shelters they slept while on their hunting expeditions. From their game and their fields the table was supplied. Corn was first ground into meal by pounding it by hand in a kind of trough. Later, water mills were built on some of the streams. In the winter time "hog and hominy" was the chief dish of the settler's meals. The dishes for the food were iron, pewter, or wood. In their early days coffee and tea were practically unknown to them. The Reverend Joseph Dodd-

ridge, who was a child during the earliest settlement of the valley, tells that when he left the valley for the first time, and stayed, on his route, at a tavern, he was served at the long table with a horrible black liquid, which he drank, because he was ashamed before the rest of the company to appear ignorant of its use. To his despair, as fast as he emptied it, his cup was filled again. At last he noticed that the men around him turned their cups upside down and laid a spoon across them. He followed their example and was no nore troubled with the drink, which he afterwards found to be coffee.

There were certain necessities, however, which the settler and his family could not supply from their own workmanship. These were salt, sugar, steel, and iron castings for forging nails, etc. There was little actual money in the valley, and after the depreciation of colonial currency, almost none, so that the only way in which the colonists could obtain the articles they were not able to produce was by barter. About once a year the caravans were got ready to take out the goods to the nearest city, which was at first Baltimore. The canvas-covered emigrant wagons were loaded with the peltries and furs from the hunting; sometimes with corn and grain. The cattle were driven beside them. In the city they exchanged these for the "store goods" they needed. When they received cash, their pork, beef, and venison brought them about two dollars for a hundred pounds, the corn seventeen to twenty-five cents a bushel.

As the settlement of the eastern part of Virginia had been almost entirely from one nationality, it was also practically homologous in religion. The Episcopal Church had, following the law of England, been established as the State church of Virginia, and the salaries of its clergymen were provided for by law, often in payment by tobacco. In the western part of the State the creeds were as varied as the nationalities.

Many of the settlers had left Europe on account of their religious beliefs. The valley was a gathering place of their outcast sects. Among the Germans alone there were three doctrinal divisions: the Mennonites, or followers of Menno Simons, the Lutherans, and the Calvinists. There were Irish and Scotch Presbyterians, Quakers, Baptists from England, Maryland, and New England. Methodism was introduced by itinerant preachers from New England.

In the New World all these creeds met with the opposition of the established Church of Virginia. Towards each other they were equally narrow and intolerant, a natural condition in a belief which has experienced nothing but intolerance and hatred, and whose very existence depends upon the fidelity of its members. The Quakers, in particular, were persecuted, as they were throughout the colonies, except in the settlements of William Penn. This very antagonism, however, gave the churches of the valley a vitality that has been sustained to this present day. In the struggle with the legalized religion they were animated by the devotion that opposition invariably arouses. There is a tradition that in the building of the Presbyterian Church at Timber Ridge the men and women worked side by side, the women carrying stones and sand in their aprons to the builders. The Scotch brought with them their love of doctrinal dispute and interpretation. Harsh and dogmatic as many of their doctrines were, men in a country where everything is to be gained by their toil alone, can not believe that heaven is to be lightly won.

Another difficulty against which the valley non-conformists contended was the uncertainty in enforcing the Church laws. Although dissenters were required by law to pay the taxes of the State church, it was for a long time doubtful whether the valley belonged to the territory of Virginia or of Pennsylvania. Magistrates acting under the law of one state would

be arrested by officers of the other state. These hardships of the dissenters lasted until the break with England dissolved the bond between the Church and the State.

One cause of the hardihood of the valley churches was that their meeting furnished to the congregation one of its few opportunities for social life. In the scattered settlements any meeting with other people was a gayety. The intercourse of the valley, therefore, centered around its occupations. The "house-raising," for a young couple was one of their chief social events. All the men of the neighborhood would gather to cut and trim the logs for the new building. The next day they would put up the framework of the house and cover the roof with the hewn shingles, and the floor with puncheons, smooth blocks of wood, cut and fitted together. In a few days the house would be ready and the "house-warming" of the newly married couple celebrated by a substantial feast. The German and the Irish brought with them the marriage customs of their forefathers. At an Irish wedding in the valley, on the way home from church, the young men raced for the bottle held ready for them by the bride's father. The bottle, christened "Black Betty," figured largely in the feasting that followed the ceremony. At a German wedding party the young girls threw a stocking at the bride's head to find out which of them would be married first, the idea being that the one who hit the bride would be the first to follow her.

Between the Dutch and the Irish, even at that early day, there was a great deal of antipathy. On Saint Patrick's Day the Germans would make an effigy of the saint and his wife with their laps full of potatoes. Free fights would follow, in which no etiquette of duelling was observed, but gouging, biting, and mauling were allowed on all sides.

Partly on account of the dispute as to boundary lines, there was little formal justice in the early days of the valley.

Offenses, of which theft was considered the greatest, were, as in the days of the far West, punished by the settlers themselves. For petty theft, a common form of punishment was to repeat the story of it before the offender, with rough jokes added thereto, until the guilty man often left the settlement. A rough-and-ready court of justice was social ostracism, which they called "hating out." Under this kind of boycott, the man "hated out" usually withdrew from the country. It was an age of cruel punishment for petty crimes, but in the southern part of the New World, their severity had been somewhat modified. There were frequent disputes over land and boundary lines. The most noted of them grew out of the enormous grant to Lord Fairfax in the Northern Neck of Virginia. The story of his attempt to reproduce a baronial mansion in the New World can not be told in a general account of the valley, for his establishment at "Greenway Court," where he died a disappointed old man, was out of accord with the conditions and the spirit of the country in which it was founded.

In the earliest settlement of the valley it had been a jumble of nationalities and religious beliefs. After the establishment of its settlers two forces arose which were to teach them to unite. The first was the long succession of French and Indian wars; the second was the War of the Revolution.

It will be remembered that the Quaker settlers had been advised to purchase the Indian lands, since the treaty with the Indians did not extend beyond the mountains. The Indians, according to the traditions, were much more favorably disposed towards the Pennsylvanians than they were to the Virginians, whom they called the "Long Knives." From the beginning of their settlement until 1754 the colonists were not disturbed by the Indians. The year before that date emissaries from the western tribes visited the Indians of the valley and invited them to move off. The following

year the Indians departed towards the west. There the French were building their forts on the Ohio, and had made their treaties with the Western tribes. In 1755 came the defeat of Braddock's army, sent against the French forts. This disaster left the valley settlers as the keepers of the frontier, against the combined forces of the French and Indians. The year after Braddock's defeat, a party of Indians, with a French captain, crossed the Alleghanies and surprised the settlements, tomahawking and scalping the colonists taken unawares. Every year thereafter, with the first approach of summer, the Indians returned to the settlement, where the mutilated bodies of the men, women, and children in a burning cabin announced his arrival. As soon as spring had come the dwellers in the valley had to shut themselves up in the forts. These were strong log houses, with a quadrangle of cabins surrounded by a stockade. Here they lived until winter, going out to cultivate their fields only in companies and armed. From his Indian foeman, the settler learned new methods of warfare: to stalk, like a beast of prey, through the thicket; to pick off a man from behind a tree; to scalp a fallen enemy. The white man carried the same weapons as the Indians. The warm days of autumn were called "Indian Summer" because the savages, withdrawn for the winter, might take advantage of them to return. The subsequent history of the valley is a story of night raids, of massacres, of women and children carried off to captivity, of men put to death by torture. It is no wonder that with methods of warfare the settlers learned more horrible lessons of treachery and revenge. For there are two sides to the story of the Indian wars, and brutality and treachery were shown on both, as when a band of the more lawless white men massacred in cold blood an entire village of peaceful Indians for the sins of their warlike neighbors.

With the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, the Indians changed sides and were sought by the British as allies against

the colonists. Throughout the entire history of the colonies the Indians were always used as an instrument against the settlers. Here the valley companies put to good service the lessons of their struggle against the Indians. The backwoodsmen fought, as in their home forests, by shooting from behind the trees, while the bewildered British infantry wasted ammunition on an unseen enemy. They fired, not in volleys of haphazard bullets, but individually, with careful aim, each shot for a destined mark. They were badly disciplined, and they lacked the British drill and form, but they accomplished the result.

With the end of the Revolutionary War the history of the scattered colonies is merged into the history of America. From the roughness and the crudeness, from the hardships of its early times, arose a vigor and a dash that we like to call distinctly American, but which we must always remember was a blend and a composite of many stocks, welded under conditions that constantly broke down castes and cliques to fuse them afresh into a new democracy.

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M. PINKERTON, '13.

The Castle of Fulfilment

THE mellow June sunlight flooded the stately old house; it sifted through the great trees and dappled the green lawn with cool shadows and warm splotches; softly it slipped through the clambering vines on the trellised porch and touched with red fire the brown hair of the woman sitting there. But the woman was not conscious of the sunshine, nor the dappled lawn, nor any of the wonder of that glorious June day. Instead, with dreamy, wistful eyes, she was looking back through the years and seeing another day, not like this one, a day that was rainy and wild, a day when the wind whistled and howled through the houses, and the rain-swept streets glistened in the wintry light.

A little girl was wandering through those rain-swept streets, a very small little girl, who was cold and wet and very miserable. And because she was tired, and because she had nowhere else to go, she crouched in the sheltered doorway of a great house, and stayed there. She wanted very much to cry, but, being quite a determined little girl, she did not.

There had been a time when she had had a home, poor and bare, but still a home, for her mother was there. Her father had been a writer, whose efforts the world had not appreciated, and he had died broken-hearted and very poor. Then her mother had gone, and for a few weeks a woman whom she hated with a very passionate intensity had taken care of her until that very day she had run away.

And, as she crouched in the doorway, all the unnamed longings, the yearnings undefined, that came even to the heart of a child, rose within her, and she registered a vow in her small soul that it should not always be like this, that she should triumph over all these handicaps, and some day have the good things of the earth for her own. Thus, crouching

and shivering in the doorway, she seemed to see a vision. It was vague and unformed in her childish mind, and she did not know that it was a prophecy, but if she could have expressed it, it would have been this:

She saw before her a path, winding up and ever upwards, and it was narrow and very steep, and there were great stones in the way. And once, far up, there was a little House by the Wayside, but the path wound on past that, up and up to a great castle at the top, a castle with open doors and windows, full of light and joy and laughter. This was the Castle of Fulfilment, and the little girl, cold and wet and tired, had felt a great desire grow within her to reach the open gateway of that castle.

. . . . . .

Then the woman on the vine-clad porch, staring before her with unseeing eyes, saw herself, not as a wet, forlorn little waif, but a tall, slender girl, working by day, studying at night, fighting, struggling, climbing, little by little, up that rough and rocky path.

. . . . . .

And then she stirred, and her eyes grew tender and wistful as she thought of one spring, when the world was young and happy, and she had been happy, too. It was then that love had come into her life for the first time. She could see plainly, so plainly, those wonderful spring days when the sun shone and the sky was blue, when every tree and bush and hedge was bright with the tender green of new leaves, and the air was soft with the fragrance of new earth and budding things. And she could feel the joy of it all, as day after day Richard Marvell walked home with her from her work, and she knew that she loved him, and that he loved her.

She had been a stenographer then. She did not like being a stenographer, but what did it matter? It was just one of the great stones in the path, that must be climbed over. And,

since several of her stories had been accepted by a New York publishing company, she had been able to make herself very comfortable. So she had been very happy that spring, though she had known that she was playing with fire, that the time would come when it must all end. But she would not think of that time; she had pushed it from her, and had been happy while she could be.

The time had come, however, when Richard Marvell had told her of his love—had asked her to marry him. And then had come the struggle. What should she say? He was young and poor, and so was she, but he was not climbing the path to the Castle of Fulfilment, as she was; and she knew that if she would reach there she must not stop now. She was at the little House by the Wayside, and it was comfortable there, but occasionally she could catch glimpses through the open doors and windows of the castle, and it drew her and lured her on, and she wished desperately to get there. Oh, it was cruel, cruel, that if she married him she must stop climbing the path, that she must be what he was, go as he went, and stay as he stayed. She loved him, and she wanted very, very much to marry him. Then had come the vision of that narrow, winding path, and the great castle at the end, and she had made her decision.

"No," she had cried, "I can't marry you!" And he had dropped her hand and turned and left her.

And now, long after, she was sitting on the porch of her own home, looking back through the years to the time when she had begun her climb. She had apparently reached her destination now; she was no longer poor; she was known and sought after—her last book had been pronounced a masterpiece by a critical world. But there were times when the ache that was in her heart would come uppermost, and then she wished to be alone, and to go back over the past. Not that she regretted her choice! She had never done that

for a minute. She gloried in her success; she had given the best part of her life, her youth, her love, all that she had, for it, and she was happy in it. She loved to feel the rich cloth of her gown, to look out over the smooth lawn and the great old trees, and to feel that they were all hers, and that she had won them. The climb had not been easy; there had been no helping hand stretched out to her; what she had accomplished had been by her own strength. There was, nevertheless, something lacking in the fulfilment. She had finished her climb, she was in the courtyard of the castle, but she had not yet crossed the threshold, and she knew, deep in her heart, that she never could, except with *him*.

So, on the vine-covered porch, she dreamed away that June afternoon. Presently a maid came out and handed her a card. She frowned, annoyed at the interruption, and indifferently picked the little slip from the tray. She glanced at it, and then all the world seemed to whirl before her. He had come back to her, for on the card was the name—Richard Marvell.

By the time he reached the porch she was herself again, calm and well poised. She greeted him with a glad smile. They shook hands, and then he stood off and looked at her.

"Behold the celebrity," he said; "the author of *Mr. Carruthers!*"

She laughed. "And what do I behold?" she asked.

He grew serious. "A man who has always loved you, and who now comes to ask you again if you will marry him."

She held out her hand, and, as he took her in his arms, she murmured: "The Castle of Fulfilment."

Margaret Banister, '16.

The Road to Jericho

I SAY, Bill, wot's the use?"

"Wot's the use o' wot?"

"Wot's the use a-goin' tuh school nine monts in der year and a-doin' two-and-two-is-four a mont at a time?" Jimmy rose from his sitting posture, his oratorical effort becoming two great to confine to one small corner of the school yard. "I'm sick a-comin' here every day and lettin' a bunch o' women boss me 'round. Lots o' good it's doin' us! Wot's it got to do with the price o' eggs, huh?" and he ended his speech by kicking savagely at the concrete flooring of Public School 189's two-by-four playground.

"Wot'd yuh come for then?" Bill put the question sharply, fiercely. He'd wondered the same thing himself for many days. Why did he come here every day? He had'nt put it in so many words, but he, too, wondered what particular effect education had on the cost of, not eggs in particular, but living in general.

"Well, if we don't come, de gink comes after us and gets our folks wise. Honest, Bill, it makes me sick. Let's go West and fight Injuns." Jimmy paused—and then burst forth again: "Gee craps! let's do somethin' besides comin' to this joint every day. Ain't we bot' got our papers, and can't we git some money? Ain't we bot' come here fer six years now? Let's cut. I got some coin——"

"Maybe you got a fortune saved," broke in Bill, "but I ain't. Me old man grabs every cent I make. Needs it t'get tight on."

"Wot d'yer go home fer if he swipes de coin? Stay out. That's wot I do when me goven'r gits fresh." Jimmy's chest swelled with manly pride. "I'd like ter see anybody graft offen me. Stay out from now till Sunday. You kin make

plenty. Then we'll beat it. Youse kin hang out at my joint till then."

"Uh huh! And where'd we beat it?"

"Oh! West." Jimmy's black eyes glowed. "There's lots tuh do out there. We'll go tuh the yards Sunday night and hop a freight."

Bill's look was dubious. He couldn't quite follow Jimmy's rapid-fire reasoning; he was always a little behind. Maybe that was why they were pals. Jimmy had the brain, while Bill possessed a quality which all breakfast foods are supposed to impart to weakling forms—"brawn." Both mentally and physically it took him a long time to start. Like a ferry boat, it took him some time to get out of his slip, but once out he was good for the trip. Jimmy flared, and with a quick tongue took up every point, while picking a fight out of Bill was like fishing for an elusive nut kernel, hard to get, but with a surprising aptitude for suddenly flying out and hitting you in the eye.

Jim lounged back in the corner, watching his friend's evident mental progress. "Sure, come on, Bill, let's make a mosey fer d'West. Wake up, you; get a bubble in yer think tank and——"

The school bell arrested any further bubbling on Bill's part, but once in his seat, with class history well started, he began to think. So engrossed did he become in his mental activities that the teacher's voice barely came to him, as through a great distance:

"William, who discovered America?"

"Huh?"

"How often have I told you, William, not to say, 'Huh?' If you do not understand my question, ask me to repeat, but do not say, 'Huh,' and, furthermore"—the teacher's tones were caustic—"please to endeavor to pay some attention to the class. Next——"

Again Bill lapsed into his day-dreams.

"What year did Columbus discover America, William?"

"Huh?"

"William!"

"What'd yuh say, Miss Smith?"

"I said remain after school and write 'I must pay attention' one hundred times. Next."

Everybody snickered. Why every one always snickers on such occasions is a mystery, but every one always does.

"Stung!"

"Hsst!" came in taunting whispers.

The decree aroused Bill. What right had she to do it? What right had anybody to laugh?

"I'll bust yer darn face," he snarled at the boy across the aisle, "if yer don't wipe that grin off yer mug." The boy grinned on. It was Jimmy. Inwardly Bill raged. What business was it of hers? What right had any one to keep him in? Wasn't this a free country? She was always jumping on him, anyway.

School closed, but Bill remained. Everybody left and there he stayed to write "I must pay attention" one hundred times. With every word his wrath grew; with the last his smouldering decision flamed. He would go West. Darned if he'd stay and be bossed around by any schoolmarm. In the empty yard he spied Jimmy.

"Hi! Jim, wot's doin'?"

"Nuthin'."

"Come on, I wanta chin wid yuh. Say, honest t' gosh, I'm sick a-stickin' 'round. I'm goin' West. Wanta come?"

"Surest thing, you know. We'll go and make a wad and come back next year and blow 'er in—— But where's yer money fer goin' comin' from if yer old man crops de coin?" Jim was not without an eye to business.

"I'm goin' t' ditch the old man and hang on tuh muh coin."

For the next four days all of Bill's efforts went to making some coin to hang on to. Daily he spent time after school learning unprepared lessons, and daily he spent all his spare time selling papers. Daily he grew to hate bitterly the conventions of life in general and school in particular. Saturday came at last. With the first crack of dawn he was out selling papers. Home had not seen him since he made his momentous decision, and, consequently, he had amassed "coin" to the extent of three dollars and fifty cents. Strict attention to business ought to net that much more before Sunday night.

"Times! Herald! Paper! Woild!

"Yes, sir. Get a paper and read about the big wreck." He dashed around as he had never dashed before. Sunday night found him a weary but determined man. At the time appointed he met Jimmy at Times Square. Night had fallen and the great White Way was alight, but with the subdued tone of the Sabbath.

"How much?" was Jimmy's first demand.

"Four dollars and eighty-one cents. Wot yuh got?"

"Three'n a half. We oughta get along. Come on."

They started uptown at a brisk trot. At Seventy-first they turned west and made their way down to the New York Central yards. Engines puffed to and fro. With the carelessness of mere sight-seers they clambered around from car to car, till finally a half-open freight car was found. It was the last of a long line, headed by an engine.

"Where's this goin'?" asked Jimmy of a train hand, who, swinging his lantern, passed them by.

"Jericho," he called back. Jericho! The name held great promise.

"He says they're goin' to Jericho. Mosey in on de sly," whispered Jimmy.

"Sure."

As soon as the coast seemed clear, they crept from the shadows where they lay and quickly wriggled into the car, pushing the door shut behind them. Back in the farthest corner they found some sacks and straw; otherwise the car was empty. They snuggled down in the dark. In a few minutes the engine whistled. Some one shouted an unintelligible order. Then the train began to move.

"Gosh! she's movin', Bill. Where'd yuh think we'll be in the mornin'? Chicago?"

"I dunno. Out West, I guess," mumbled Bill.

Silence fell. Jimmy slept. So did Bill, but often during the night he woke, always to hear the monotonous clanking of wheels. They seemed to fit into words in his mind:

"I don't—wanta—gota—school. But you—gotta—gota—school. I don't—wanta—gota—school. You don't haveta—gota—school," they sang. The motion of the train jarred open the door they had shut. A cool, fresh breeze, as from off water, struck him as he rose and struggled across the car to close it. The train was rushing along in black darkness. He crawled back to the corner to dream of Indians and Jericho.

Gradually morning light filtered through the car and woke them. The door was again open. They were standing still.

"Where d' yuh think we are?" demanded Bill. "Hey, Jim, open yer peepers, we're out West." Jim turned sleepily. Then realization came to him. He sprang up.

"Gosh! we're in Jericho." He hopped over to the open door. It was broad day. A huge stone wall rose three feet before them.

"Look at the cliff," breathed Jimmy. "Let's look out the other side." As they slid back the door, a streak of sunlight came in. Before them lay a broad, smooth expanse of water, with green banks on the other side.

"Gee Maude! it's the Mississippi!" cried Bill. Just then a huge white boat came slowly into view, filling in the water

picture framed by the door. She moved with a majestic slowness. On her white sides gleamed in black lettering:

"HENDRIK HUDSON,
"Albany Day Line."

Scarce believing, they gazed.

"Mississippi m' foot! It's der Hudson," groaned Bill. How did they get there? Slowly they climbed out of the car. Coming towards them was the train hand of the night before.

"Hey youse!" shouted Jimmy. "Ain't dis de train t' Jericho?"

He stopped, looked, and recognized them.

"Jericho——" and his guffaws were both long and loud. "Naw! This run from Seventy-second to a Hundred and Seventy-seventh. Jericho! Haw! Haw!"

"Don't be so darn smart," said Bill.

"Darn smart! It's darn near school time, and you'd better beat it. Jericho! Haw! Haw!" and he walked away.

Bill looked at Jimmy, all the determination gone from his eyes. "Come on, Jim; we're the goats."

Side by side they climbed the steps to the Drive, and turning down street, disappeared in the direction of Public School 189.

Ruth Maurice, '14.

EDITORIALS

College Spirit.

The existence of that indefinite and intangible something called college spirit is recognized and felt in all colleges. The "brand" of college spirit, however, influenced as it is by external and internal circumstances, differs, necessarily, in intensity and quality in various colleges. In many instances, as we all know, the enthusiasm attending rivalry in athletic sports between colleges is the principal, or certainly the most evident, outlet for this spirit. Again, college spirit is so broad and comprehensive a thing that it differs, not only in schools, but also in each individual student, every one being able to interpret it according to his own personality.

Sweet Briar, although lacking the incentive of athletic rivalry, has by no means failed to develop a true and distinctive college spirit. There is, here, a growing tendency to extend and broaden the term so that its meaning will include, not only an eagerness for the general success of Sweet Briar, but also an endeavor toward and a loyalty to all those high ideals for which we wish our *alma mater* to stand. Sweet Briar, being a young and comparatively small college, needs, and is getting in an ever-increasing degree, that kind of spirit that makes us dissatisfied with giving anything but the very best of ourselves in whatever branch or branches we engage—in the class room, in athletics, in dramatics, in Y. W. C. A., in the support of the annual, and, yes, of the magazine. Our college spirit should give us, along with eagerness of spirit, a sense of fair play, of generosity, and of good fellowship in all our competition. It should make us willing even to set aside our selfish interests when we are able to help, in any

way, in any of the undertakings of Sweet Briar. Most important of all, perhaps, is that phase of college spirit that makes us loyal to the Student Government Association and that standard of honor for which it stands. We must realize that each of us does her own share in making the whole college spirit what it is; that the college spirit is really the composite of the spirit in our own individual hearts, and that the better and truer we ourselves endeavor to make this spirit, so much the more will its effect, reacting on us and on our lives, be good, and permanent and lasting. Let us, above all, remember that on the honor of us, her daughters, the honor of our *alma mater* depends.

Exchanges

Owing to an unavoidable delay, we have no exchanges for this issue of the magazine, but we hope that by next time we shall have received, not only all of our usual exchanges, but a good many more. We are hoping to enlarge our Exchange Department this year, and to make something of it, for everybody knows how much the exchanges mean to a magazine, affording, as they do, the means by which we can tell what other colleges think and say of us and of our work. Therefore, we are eagerly looking forward to receiving many exchanges, with their poems and their essays, and, best of all, their stories—stories of Broncho Bill and his cow-girl sweetheart; of the sweet, demure Southern girl and her gallant lover; stories of thrilling midnight feasts and hairbreadth escapes from the eagle eye of the stern guardian of the hall. We want them all, and we hope that they will soon arrive.

Y. W. C. A.

It is impossible for any one who takes even the slightest interest in Y. W. C. A. work at Sweet Briar to overlook the fact that we are trying to advance the spirit of the Association along practical lines. Assuming, therefore, that you already know something of our plans for the Indian Mission and our social service work in general, we wish to call your attention to a most important subject, about which you probably know but little.

Have you heard that in Kansas City, Missouri, from December 31, 1913, to January 4, 1914, the Seventh International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement will be held? Do you realize what this means, not only to our Y. W. C. A., but to our whole college? The purpose of this convention, as stated by the Executive Committee of the Student Volunteer Movement, is as follows:

(1) To bring together at Kansas City representative delegations of students and professors from all important institutions of higher learning in Canada and the United States, and the leaders of the foreign missionary enterprise, for helpful association and conference; (2) To consider unitedly the problems of the evangelization of the non-Christian world; (3) To gain inspiration and a vision of the foreign missionary responsibilities of the church; (4) To pray and earnestly resolve to enter with greater consecration upon the work of extending the Kingdom of Christ among the non-Christian nations.

It seems useless to enter into any discussion of why we should send delegates to a convention which has such a purpose as that above stated. Think of the enthusiasm and inspiration which Sweet Briar must necessarily derive through delegates who actually see and personally talk with

some of the ablest missionary workers of the world! The girls whom we send will, moreover, come into direct contact with representative students from all parts of the country, and will hear of their experiences and plans. In this connection it will not be inappropriate to say just a word which has particular reference to Sweet Briar. In a convention which represents the institutions of higher learning in this country, Sweet Briar deserves to have a place and to make her influence felt. Not only interst in Y. W. C. A., but college spirit as well, demand that we send representatives.

In accordance with the size of Sweet Briar, we are allowed two delegates from the students and one from the faculty. Remember, we are counting on every Sweet Briar girl to help us, in some way, raise the necessary funds for our delegates' expenses. We are depending upon you, and we know you will not fail to respond.

Dramatics

Try-outs for dramatics were held in the chapel September 30 to October 2. The following girls passed the requirements for admission to The Merry Jesters and The Ripplers:

Beatrice Bowman
Helena Burns
Nanetta Burton
Antoinette Camp
Edith Christie
Esther Dittenhaver
May Foster
Margaret Gibson
Evelyn Haile
Ruth Howell
Floy Huntley
Miriam Jones
Virginia Lazenby
Dorothy Lydecker
Ruth McIlravy
Amizetta Northcott
Elsie Palmer
Margaret Recker
Elizabeth Spahr
Elizabeth Stanford
Bernice Thompson
Jane Tyler
Ruth Watkins
Marian Webster
Eudalia White

The old members of the Dramatic Association gave the first play of the season on Saturday night, October 25. "The Revenge of Shari-Hot-Su," an attractive comedy, with a Japanese setting, was presented. The caste was as follows:

Shari-Hot-Su, a learned Japanese.....Anne Schutte
Kioto, a young Japanese.....Rachel Forbush
Harold Armstrong, a young American.....Clare Erck
Mrs. Beaconstreet, from Boston.....Harriet Evans
Nina, her daughter.....Nancy Munce
Moig-ui-fa, called Cherry Blossom.....May Foster
Toy-ama, mother of Moig-ui-fa.....Martha Darden

COMMITTEE

Chairman.....Margaret Grant
Stage Manager.....Esther Roberts
Mistress of the Wardrobe.....Mary T. Gwathmey

Athletic Report

Now, how about athletics? A long debate of this question is entirely "avoirdupois" to her of the roving eye or the listening ear, for on all sides the prosperity and enthusiasm of the Association are heralded. But, then, what wonder is it, when such preëminently capable and enthusiastic people as Alice Swain, Clare Erck, Laura Portmann, and Harriet Harrison occupy its four offices?

On the basket-ball field hordes of bloomer-clad girls, both old and new, are daily jumping up and down to the bounce of the basket-ball. As a mark of superior jumping, Alice Swain, Clare Erck, "Jim" Hayes, Laura Portmann, Ruth Maurice, Harriets Harrison and Evans have been selected as candidates for the college team. It certainly looks as though there were going to be some exciting games.

The lake has been, and still is, very much in vogue. On October 11 and 13 it was the scene of several swimming contests in which records were recklessly made and recklessly broken by the champion swimmers. A new boat is forthcoming to add to the natural felicities of the lake, although the proposed raft has not yet materialized.

Under Zalinda Brown's excellent tutelage many are learning the difficult feat of catching an elusive, hard, rubber ball in an unsympathetic lacrosse stick. The teams for this sport have not yet been selected, but the practice games are already numerous.

The tennis courts have been very fashionable, and continue to be so. Laura Portmann daily strives, by earnest sweepings, to make them worthy of the patronage which they receive.

All in all, athletics are in a flourishing condition, and their glorious future is already assured. The Association, however, does honestly need the hearty coöperation and five-dollar contribution of every girl in the school. This is not a mere appeal from a subscription manual, but a true remark, worthy of deep consideration.

College Topics

On Wednesday evening, September twenty-fourth, the Sweet Briar Y. W. C. A. gave a reception and dance to the new girls. The receiving line was composed of Henrietta Washburn, Rebekah Patton, Elsie Palmer, Dorothy Grammer, Anne Schutte, Margaret Banister, Rachel Forbush, Mary Tayloe Gwathmey, Ruth Bowman, and Louise Weisiger. The dance was opened with a grand march led by Miss Palmer and Miss Grammer. During the evening, orange ice and small cakes were served.

Miss Mary Porter, traveling Y. W. C. A. secretary in the state of Virginia, visited Sweet Briar. She arrived Saturday, September twenty-seventh, and stayed until the following Thursday morning. Her visit was very pleasant, and was enjoyed by all the girls.

On the evening of the twenty-seventh of September, Mr. W. Powell Hale, impersonator, entertained the students and faculty. His programme was a very clever one, and very pleasing to his audience.

The old Ripplers entertained the new Ripplers with a hayride Saturday evening, October eleven. The party left the college at 10:30 o'clock, with Miss Benedict as chaperon, and drove over to Amherst to Mrs. Scott's, where they enjoyed a chicken and waffle supper.

News From Old Girls

Mary Tyler, Sue Slaughter, and Mary Pinkerton are teaching in the high school in Norfolk.

On June 30 Marguerite Drew was married to Mr. Overton Groover.

Alma Booth is in Philadelphia studying in a Deaconess' School to fit herself for Settlement work in New York.

On October 1 Loulie Wilson Antrim was married to Mr. John Young Mason.

Rebecca White is studying for her master's degree at Columbia.

The marriage of Mary Tabb to Mr. Joseph George has been announced.

Helen McCary, Celia Webb, Janet Mason, and Elise Lloyd are making their début this winter.

On August 30 Jessamine Chapman was married to Mr. Richard Herman Williams.

Margaretha Ribble is studying medicine at Cornell Medical College.

Lilian Fuller is studying agriculture at Columbia.

Mayo Thach is teaching French in Mary Allen's School, in Birmingham.

Helen Lamfrom is teaching in the high school in North Baltimore, Ohio.

Enid Sipe is attending the Normal School in Harrisonburg.

Nursery Rhymes for the New Girls

I

Mary had a little crush,
Its purse was full of dough,
And everywhere that Mary went,
Her crush was sure to be somewhere in the immediate vicinity trying to appear unconscious.

It followed her to class each day,
It followed after school,
It made the children laugh and shout
To see Mary's name on the express list every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday night.

II

Hickory, dickory, dock;
I forgot to wind my clock,
The whistle blew,
But I slept through;
Hickory, dickory, dock.

III

Sing a song of red ants,
They are after you,
Find them on your tooth-brush,
Find them in your shoe;
Crawling on the doorknob;
Bold as elephants;
I will not be homesick
While my room is full of aunts.

IV

As I was walking down the street
  One early August morn,
I heard a little whistling note
  Upon the breezes borne.
What bird, thought I, with tone so sweet
  Thus slowly flits along,
And sings without e'er taking breath,
  That plaintive little song?
I turned around in sudden haste,
  The street I quickly scanned,
And saw, to my astonishment,
  A smoking peanut stand!

Echoes From the Laboratory

The Love-Song of Loligo

When in the sea I was sailing
(It was brighter than methyl green),
I met a little squid lady,
The fairest that ever was seen.

On the instant I gazed at her swimming
My heart (the systemic) was rent,
My love has endured to this hour,
It is stronger than fifty per cent.

My love has endured to this hour,
It will last me forever and aye,
For—thanks be to formalin's power—
My heart is preserved to this day.

Mary B. Pinkerton, '13.

The Lobster's Lullaby

Think of me, dear, when you go out to tea
And are served with a beautiful portion of me;
You can explain to your friends when you call,
Exactly what's liver and stomach and all,
You will remember the day then, I wist,
When you were an embryo "true scientist."

CHORUS:

Ink away, dear, with your India ink,
Glory will come to you soon, I should think.
If you renounce both your sleep and your food,
Miss Howland will write on your diagrams, "Good."

Mary B. Pinkerton, '13.

A Lively Little Insect

(With apologies to Miss Abbot)

A lively little insect in the field one day
Hopped merrily along;
Although he had a quantity of segments, eyes, and ears,
This grasshopper went wrong.
He sat upon a nice long weed and spit tobacco-juice;
On came our little throng;
We picked him up by the joint of his leg,
And he sang this little song:

CHORUS:

"Zizzie zi zum zum, zizzie zi zum zum,"
That was his song's refrain;
"Zizzie zi zum zum, zizzie zi zum,"
It drove us most insane;
This lively little insect spit tobacco-juice and then began to hum:
"Zizzie zi zum zum, zizzie zi zum zum,
Zizzie zi zum zum zum."

This foolish Arthropod into a cage was put
Where many more beside
For countless days and nights in dire captivity
In the "lab" were to reside.
There came a little Freshman and she opened wide the door.
"Come on out, boys," they cried;
So they hopped way up to the window-shade
And chortled far and wide.—Cho.

Directory of Sweet Briar College

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Business Manager's Announcement

THE SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE, which is conducted by the student body of Sweet Briar College, is at present published quarterly.

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The above is the statement of The Sweet Briar Magazine Staff as sworn to before Notary Public, October 29, 1913, in compliance with the postal regulations of October 24, 1912.

A Comparison of Shakespeare and Plautus, with Especial Reference to "The Comedy of Errors" and "The Menaechmi"

THE influence of Plautus—immediately we think of *The Menœchmi* and Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors,* but do we connect the dramatists in any union more comprehensive than that of the plays just mentioned? Some who have made a study of the subject evidently do, for they say that the plays of Plautus were an indispensable literary precedent for even such plays as *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice.*

Considering Plautus, first, in a general way, it seems quite a coincidence that his early life should be so similar to that of Shakespeare. Plautus was born of humble parents, and in his youth went to Rome, finding employment there as a stage carpenter. No one knows how he secured an education, for his life was one of drudgery. In writing of Plautus and Shakespeare in the *Literary History of Rome,* Duff says,

"The constant riddle of genius reappears in both—the mystery of early education, an apprenticeship served rather to life and work than to the schools." In regard to the literary style of Plautus, perhaps the most predominant characteristic of his plays, as a whole, is a never-failing supply of animal spirits. He wrote for audiences who rolled with laughter over pure and simple "horse play," over the most extravagant caricatures and farcical situations. They simply were not capable of appreciating a comedy which depended on real wit and clever dialogue. They cried out for farce and pantomime, and Plautus obeyed the spirit of his age. His plays contain not a trace of an ethical purpose. He wrote merely to amuse. It was his good fortune to write at a time when Latin contained all the spontaneity and freshness of a language which is still in the process of formation.

Regarding Plautus in a more definite sense, we may find in his *Menæchmi* abundant sources for comparison with Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*. Following the custom in ancient comedy, Plautus begins *The Menæchmi* with a prologue which to us seems very stiff. At times, however, it is so childishly frank as to be amusing. Then, in rapid succession, one merry scene follows another. Shakespeare, however, adopts a different plan. He has no prologue formally set off from the rest of the play, and, instead of merely mirth-provoking incidents, the first scene introduces a figure which approaches tragedy. The grief and suffering of Ægeon are prominent at both the beginning and end of the play, and it is his opening speech which shows the classical influence. It is in reality a prologue, giving us all the facts necessary to understand the development of the plot.

Where Plautus uses the mistaken identity of twin brothers, Shakespeare enlarges on the idea and uses twin slaves as well. The result is a much more complicated plot than appears in the Latin play. Instead of the father-in-law of Menæchmus Sosicles, Shakespeare uses Luciana, and, as

will be shown later, added in her a new element to the Latin play. We may conclude, then, that Shakespeare took the plot for *The Comedy of Errors* from *The Menœchmi,* but that he changed and improved this plot to suit the standards of his own time.

As I have said above, Plautus wrote to please his audience, and their demands were such that it was impossible for him to linger over character portrayal. Consequently, in *The Menœchmi,* as elsewhere, the characters seem more human machines than living people endowed with individual feelings and qualities. Their function is primarily to act, and we, therefore, miss the personal note. Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* has been criticized for just this lack of character portrayal, but a comparison with *The Menœchmi* will show what gigantic strides the English dramatist had made towards the wonderful character portrayal which he later developed. It is true that Antipholus of Ephesus and Antipholus of Syracuse show no more individuality in character than in face, but there are others who more than compensate for the indefinite outlines of the heroes. What a dignified, pathetic figure is Ægeon, and what a contrast he forms to the old man in *The Menœchmi,* who comes hobbling along with his stick to harangue with his son-in-law! It is when we compare the women, however, that we see the most startling progress in treatment. In Plautus, women characters are often considered so unimportant that they do not appear in person on the stage. In Shakespeare, however, we have real women, splendid creations. In *The Comedy of Errors* Luciana serves as a foil to her sister, Adriana. The latter is suspicious, jealous, rebellious of restraint, but at heart devoted to her husband. Luciana adds human interest to the play. She is sensible, loyal, and womanly in the true sense of the word. Her love episode with Antipholus is an element foreign to Roman comedy. Pure, romantic love, impossible under the Roman conventions, is a mark of

the change in woman's place and rank which came in with the Renaissance.

In Latin literature Terence, "the halved Menander," is distinguished for the polish and purity of language, and Plautus is said to have, by virtue of his comic force, the complementary attribute of the Greek dramatist. I do not think we go too far in saying that Shakespeare combines the qualities of both Roman writers, and that in the form of Aristophanes' attribute to Menander we may ask, O life, O Shakespeare, which of you has imitated the other?

Louise Weisiger.

The Shadow-Child

Published November, 1909

FOR a long time I had heard, on the far side of the hedge, a scraping among the dead leaves, and in the pauses a child's voice singing wordless songs. The singer, I thought, must be the gardener who had tied up the ragged cosmos flowers that yesterday had sprawled over the ground in the box-circle where I sat. At the thought, I saw it was true, for a child came through the opening in the hedge, brushing the leaf-mould from her short skirts and pushing back long curls from a high forehead, and blue eyes set far apart. She sat on the ground beside the crumpled flowers and began to smooth the pink petals through her earth-stained fingers.

"Do you live here?" I asked, for I had thought the house empty and its owners dead. The child quickly raised her face with a faint surprise in her wide eyes. She looked down the green box-walk, through the dark yew-tree arch at the closed shutters of the house beyond, before she answered:

"Yes."

"Do you allow people to go through the house?" I went on.

"Yes; let me show it to you," she smiled, almost eagerly.

The child ran before me down the walk, where she waited on the porch, beside the door which was half opened on a dark, cool hall. We went in and started up the white-railed stairs, but on the lowest step she checked me.

"Somebody told me once," she began shyly, "that a little girl lived here a long time ago—a little girl who died. Let's pretend I am that little girl, and you are visiting me in this house?"

As I preceded her up the stairway—

"Remember," she laughed, "that you've just come in your old coach, and it's waiting for you now by the turn in the hedge. Can't you hear the horses stamping?"

We waited in the dim silence of the upper hall until I fancied I heard hoofs pawing the hard, clay road. I could see nothing in the gloom, but the child found a door knob beside me. We entered a room, where I waited in the darkness while the child ran to open the shutters.

"This," she began, as I stood dazzled by the sudden rush of sunlight, "is the best bedroom."

As my eyes grew accustomed to the light, I saw a tall four-poster with flowered curtains. There was fresh matting on the floor and pink cosmos flowers in a glass jar.

"Do you like it?" she asked eagerly. "Now we'll go in my room."

We went down the stairs, past a tall, gilt mirror, and paused at a half-open door.

"This is the library, but we can't go in. Papa's in there writing."

We tiptoed hastily by, but I turned my head, and through the crack saw a man's shoulder bent over a table.

"Was this the little girl's?" I asked as we went into the dark, close-shut room.

"Yes," said the child softly. "But you're forgetting. It's my room, and my desk, and my flowers in the windows." As she spoke, heavy furniture stood out dimly among the shadows, and the light in the square panes came through green leaves and pink, transparent petals of flowers. The child called me to the bed and I saw that it was heaped with little piles of linen and silk and satin, folded and uncut.

"These were hers," she said gently.

"The other little girl's? She had a great many lovely things."

"Yes," the child replied slowly, "but I think she would rather have had some other children to play with."

I had forgotten our game in thinking of the other girl, who would have been almost an old woman now if she had lived.

I looked across at the child, who stood on the other side of the bed, folding a piece of pink-sprigged lawn. She looked up with a little start when I said:

"Shall we go on?"

"Oh, yes," she smiled; "I'll show you my harp."

I followed her through the hall again into the room of dim furniture wrapped in linen covers. She lifted a corner of one to show me the bright brocade beneath. A great square piano filled one angle of the room, and beside it the gold harp frame showed through the worn green cover. The child patted the torn case.

"Do you play on it much?" I asked.

"I did. I mean I haven't practiced much, and some of the strings are broken. Come over here and I'll show you the Japanese cabinet."

She started across the room and I turned to follow her, but stopped to look again at a picture that I had seen first only as the vague outline of a face. It grew clear now as the portrait of a child—a little girl with long, quaint curls and a gentle face. I looked from it to the child coming back from the cabinet. A little wind banged the shutter to, and in the sudden twilight that it made I could see her only as a shadow among the shadows.

"Is that the picture of the little girl——?" I began, and stopped.

"That died," finished the child, "and that you didn't know in the garden, and everybody else that comes here knows? So when I saw you didn't, I thought I'd pretend I was real." She looked wistfully around the room in which she had been real.

We walked silently back to where the door we had entered opened on the sunlight. Outside under the yew-tree arch the child looked back once before she was lost among the box-wood. Behind me the door swung open on a bare and empty room.

M. P., '13.

Billy and the Switch

JIMMY, you gotta think o' somefin' to do. You all the time make me do it," Billy irritably told his small chum.

Jimmy, since he felt that his reputation was at stake, began industriously but futilely to rack his brain for an inspiration.

"Aw, Billy, they ain't nothin' to do," he finally declared disgustedly. "We done played jail an' train an' Injun—"

"Yes," broke in Billy accusingly, "an' your hair ain't long 'nuff to scalp. I don't see why you wasn't borned a girl."

Utterly disregarding Billy's spiteful remark, Jimmy jumped excitedly to his feet. The hateful word "girl" had brought him an inspiration.

"I got it! I got it!" he cried, and, stooping close to Billy, he suggested triumphantly:

"Let's sneak up in your sister's room; I'll bet they's somefin' there to play with." Seeing Billy's evident hesitancy, he added persuasively, "She's gone over to Lucy Brown's and you know she'll stay till your mother calls her, and she's gone to the missionary, you know. Aw, Billy, let's go."

"All right," announced Billy, fully persuaded.

Together the small boys raced across the green lawn, cautiously entered the kitchen door, and stealthily crept up the back steps. They hesitated only a minute at Big Sister's door to make sure that Jimmy's observation had been correct, and then rushed eagerly on to the forbidden ground. Formerly, this room had always been able to supply their needs: the fierce Indian could secure his red war paint from the round box on the dresser; the ghost obtained his whiteness from a big bowl there; youthful doctors, soldiers, and gardeners could choose their necessary implements from the array of knives so temptingly displayed on this same resource-

ful article of furniture, on the desk, and on the table. All these things had this room of mystery offered them, nor did it fail them on this occasion. Billy spied *it* first and eagerly snatched it up.

"Look, Jimmy! Look!" he cried, excitedly waving a braid of hair. "Now we can play Injun, and I can use this for your scalp. I'll bet, anyhow," he added confidentially, "'tis a scalp, 'cause I heard Sister tell Lucy Brown 'at she got two or three at the seashore this summer."

"Gee, Billy, that's fine! You shore are some thinker," the enthusiastic Jimmy complimented. "Hurry up an' put some war paint on an' let's go."

A few minutes later two exceedingly red-faced little boys rushed out of the kitchen door and sped toward the stable. Jimmy carried a huge feather duster and a new Indian blanket, while Billy followed close in his wake with the cherished braid of hair clasped tightly in his hands. Safe at last in the stable, their sanctuary and haven of refuge, these Indians in turn proceeded mercilessly to scalp their captives. When the two small boys tired of this, the stable became a pirate's ship, and Sister's switch, much to the envious Jimmy's sorrow, became Billy's beard.

"Jimmy," Billy explained when this young man claimed that it was his turn to have the beard and be captain, "I'm 'fraid you couldn't hold it in your mouth right, like I do. It's awful hard for me to do, an' you know I'm 'most two months older an' you, but," seeing his chum's mouth drooping disappointedly, he added, "I tell you what let's do; let's play horse an' you can be it an' the scalp'll be your tail."

"Yes," agreed Jimmy, quite charmed with the idea, "let's."

So the afternoon flew by. Sister's switch proved to be a never-failing source of inspiration. The various transformations it underwent and the various rôles it played left it a very different braid from the carefully kept one it had been. When at last the boys tired of these games, the switch, now

a matted, shaggy mass of hair, was tossed carelessly into a corner while the boys ran off to search for some new excitement. There on the stable floor lay Sister's treasured and valuable possession, neglected and entirely forgotten by her small brother.

The existence of the switch did not again enter the minds of the small boys, but Billy, summoned by the insistent clanging of the dinner bell, trotted unwillingly home that night. He felt vaguely conscious that he had done something which he should not have done, but he could not recall what his offense had been on this occasion. Since he decided, however, that his safety lay in silence, during the meal he devoted himself entirely to the business of consuming the largest amount of food possible. All his family's efforts to draw him into the conversation were repulsed, nor could any information concerning his doings be dragged from him. Even his sister's veiled remarks concerning the condition of her room met with such unblushing and unaffected composure that she was finally convinced that her small brother was for once not guilty of her accusations. Billy's unusual silence, however, passed unnoticed and unquestioned, because to-night Sister was to attend the big ball of the season.

He was considered more of a hindrance than a help in the process of dressing the daughter of the house, and, consequently, was ordered out from under foot. He retired to his room in high dudgeon. Grown-up people never would let a fellow stay if anything interesting was going to happen, but just let Father read out of the Bible, or a "voreign missionary" or something else awful talk, and then nothing short of a nose bleed could get you away.

This trend of thought was interrupted by his mother's voice calling imperiously:

"Billy!"

"I jus' bet somefin's lost an' o' course they think I done it," he thought disgustedly. "Well, I jus' ain't a-goin' down there to see."

"Billy!" again came the awful summons.

"Yes'm, I'm comin'," he answered meekly.

"Billy," his mother demanded as he entered the room, "where is Sister's switch?"

"I 'on't know," he answered promptly.

He was relieved. He would not even have to lie this time. He could truthfully say he did not know where Sister's switch was when he did not even know she had one. Father had one, of course, and used it unmercifully in the woodshed; but had Sister? He had not made its acquaintance if she had.

"Billy, are you sure?" questioned his mother searchingly.

"Yes'm," responded her young son, strong in the strength of his innocence.

"Well, daughter, it is evident that Billy doesn't know anything about it. He *is* truthful, you know." Sister was forced to nod a reluctant assent. "We'll just have to do the best we can. I think I can make you a real sweet little psyche from your own hair."

"I think it's a shame that I have to look like a scarecrow at my first big ball," his Sister declared, on the verge of tears.

Billy, the tender hearted, rose gallantly to the occasion. If Sister wanted a switch to-night, she should have one.

"I can cut you a switch if you want me to, Sis," he offered generously.

"Get out of here, you little pest," stormed his sister.

Billy dodged her threatening hand and hurriedly escaped through the door. This house, with all these fussy grown people, was no place for him. He would go to the stable and get ready for the street fair he and Jimmy were going to have to-morrow.

After half an hour of hard work, Billy sank exhaustedly to the stable floor, but immediately he jumped up. The switch lying accusingly before him had inspired him. Probably this would appease his irritated sister, for had not

Mother once been pacified by the restoration of a pin when she had distinctly demanded a "roach"? Billy, therefore, eagerly snatched up the dilapidated switch and raced madly to the house.

In the parlor his sister was animatedly conversing with the stranger who was to be her escort that evening. Billy burst in unceremoniously.

"Sis," he cried, waving the tangled, matted switch above his head, "maybe Mother can use this scalp you got at the seashore to make you beautiful."

J. W., '17.

The Mottled Cat

Part I

THAT night I had a dream. It was natural that I should dream, for both my mind and conscience were weighed down by the memory of my great crime. I, usually a gentle, thoughtful child, had spent the preceding day in mercilessly torturing a stray tomcat, a magnificent creature, all mottled in black and white. In fact, we were prevented from drowning the beast only by its own timely escape, since it had bounded from our grasp and fled so vigorously that its little neck bell, agitated by the movements, could be heard for several seconds. As I have said, I had a dream, a dream that was so real that it terrified me. If it had been unusual or grotesque or supernatural, I should have given it no further thought, but since it was so awful in its reality, I believed in it, and always the memory of it has haunted me.

It seemed that I was lying awake in my own bed, far into the night, as I had many another time. There was nothing strange about my little box-like room. The two cane-bottomed chairs, the broken-legged table, and the rude wash-stand were all in their places. All was peaceful, undisturbed. From the horizon of a star-set sky the great September moon shone brilliantly through the window near my bed, casting an oblong patch of brilliant light across the carpet and upon the partially opened door. As I lay there, thinking of many things, and absent-mindedly following the movements of a spider that labored to traverse the ceiling, my ear caught the faint tinkle of a minute brass bell, such as fond mistresses hang about the necks of their pet cats. Involuntarily I glanced toward the door. It was so nearly closed that I could

perceive nothing in the darkness beyond, but as I gazed the narrow crack widened. From without, there stalked into the lighted space a sinister creature, a mottled cat, whose blood-stained fur was ruffled and torn from the mistreatment he had suffered at my hands. With obvious directness, he crept stealthily toward my bed. At its side he paused, then gave a strong feline spring, and I felt him as he landed close to my feet. He was in the dimness now, but the contrasting spots of his coat stood out with remarkable distinctness, and there was an inscrutable, an incomprehensible look in the phosphorescent glow of his green eyes. I was paralyzed at the apparition. I knew he had come for a purpose, yet I knew not what that purpose might be, except that it could portend no good. I waited, therefore, in sickening suspense and dread, fettered by a strange fascination, unable to move a muscle, or do aught save moan. Deliberately he faced me, and, walking along my rigid body, sought my stiffened head. At each touch of his padded feet my flesh crawled and shrank. Nearer he came, and nearer, until he stood upon my chest and was shaken by the great poundings of my heart. Still, I waited. Closer he came, just one step closer to my uncovered face. Now his paws rested upon my neck, torturing my breath. Little did I think then of the strangling pressure, nor of the icy chill that exuded from those clammy feet. More hideous than these physical tortures was my mental terror. The cat was holding his distorted face close above mine, was looking into my eyes with fearful orbs that burned with implacable hatred, that bulged with hideous loathing, that glared with a relentless malevolence. I lay there and moaned; I gazed perforce into those malevolent eyes; I gasped for breath in an atmosphere reeking with the fumes of the cat. Thus I waited, and, waiting, I contemplated with horror his probable revenge. I imagined the sting of his filthy claws as they buried themselves in my eyeballs; I conceived a strength in those limbs that could slowly, surely

crush the life from my throat. The weight of the cat was heavy on my chest. Unceasingly the vile creature fixed his frightful gaze upon me. Now I read in his look an unmistakable threat, a horrible warning of the years to come. That was all, for, as I still waited, the creature crawled from my bosom, then dropping silently to the floor, glided into the obscurity of the shadows. It was only a dream, yet it was a warning. Consequently, I have ever waited for the fulfilment of that awful promise, and still—I am waiting.

Part II

It has come at last. I knew it would come, and yet I expected some definite revenge, something tangible that I could resist, anything but this. Since that dreadful night, so long ago, the terror of the cat has haunted me. Surely, but all unconsciously, I have ever been working out the revenge of the damnable beast. At first I was merely possessed with that aversion to cats which is quite common among nervous people, but whereas others feared cats in general, I dreaded only those which were mottled with black and white. My dread later became absolute fear. I not only refused to walk out at dusk, but I even declined to sleep in the dark, for I could not trust night, which is ever the friend of the cat. From that time on, a light burned always beside my bed until even this safeguard could no longer appease my increasing horror of the tormentor. A guard must needs watch beside my bed to preserve my sleeping body from sudden surprise.

Of course people were talking about me. Wild, untrue stories went the round of gossip. The world said I was queer —I was. I could not explain my weird story to them, for they would not believe nor understand. If I did not explain, however, my friends would desert me. Let them go! They did not help in saving me from the cat, and that was all I

cared for. After my friends had left me, I was no longer fettered by any bonds of convention or of consideration for them. I was free to fight for my soul, and I struggled with all my poor, human strength.

At length I gave up. I was worn out from my years of conflict against the subtle power of an evil demon. I was tired, dead tired, from my countless sleepless nights. I wanted to be released from the powers that haunted. I wanted friends and happiness and peace. I would have groveled before the cat; I would have done anything to win back my peace of mind. I did everything I could think of. I professed a fondness for the creatures. With my vast fortune a perfect home was built for the hated animals. It was the wonder of the country round about. A home where stray cats were taken in and cared for and housed like human beings was a novelty to the simple folk. They did not know the reason for its existence. They talked of my marvelous love for cats. Love! How I hated them! How they shrank from me! I wanted to burn the hateful building to the ground, to poison the expensive food that I provided for them. Alas! I could not. I was not master of myself, but only the slave of a lower animal. This great structure was a monument, an acknowledgment of his superior power.

The learned men, the great seers, say that man is the master creature, that man is the ruler of all beasts. What fools they are! Well do I know that these great and wise scholars have never tested their power against the magic of the wily cat.

Since I sought peace, the cat would allow no cessation of hostilities. He cared only for revenge, and he got it. I realized that the home was a failure. I felt by instinct that I could never pacify the fiend. There was now just one thing left for me to do: I must kill the cat before he should destroy me. With hired attendants, therefore, I frequented the alley ways and all the dark haunts of cats. I waited for the com-

ing of those that were mottled. If they saw me first, they fled in terror, but if I crept up to them and got my hands upon them, then—I gloried in their torture and destruction. Sometimes I would wring their necks and smile grimly at the tortured appeal in their bulging eyes. Again, I dashed their struggling bodies against walls and pavements and laughed with maniacal glee when the blood spurted up in red splashes upon my clothes. Or perhaps I would dismember the writhing creatures, tearing them apart, limb from limb, while the sound of the ripping flesh and the unearthly cries from their bleeding throats were tranformed to pleasant music in my ears.

I had not only to fight the cat, now, but also to evade the authorities, for they said I was mad, fit only for an asylum. It was a desperate chase, with every one and everything against me, but at last they caught me and brought me here to this guarded, lonesome cell. The fight has been too much for me. Thank God, I am dying now. The attendants tell me that Death is sitting at the foot of my bed. It is not the grim form of Death that sits there. It is the Mottled Cat.

Clare Shenehon.

EDITORIALS

A Neglected Phase of Culture.

The advantages of the location of Sweet Briar in the country, the natural beauty of the place, the facilities for outdoor sports, and the freedom from the restraint which a location in a city would necessitate are, it seems, fully appreciated by the girls. We are, however, less aware of the dangers attendant upon such a situation. One of the most important of these disadvantages is the ease with which the students can get out of touch with the outside world. Quite contrary to the case of schools situated in the city where it is almost impossible to get away from the world outside the college walls, here at Sweet Briar, under the pressure of college duties, it is a difficult matter to keep informed about current events.

It is the duty of the girls themselves to surmount this difficulty by making an effort to keep acquainted with affairs. In the first place, the papers and magazines of the present age are full of things which are of especial interest to every thinking woman. It seems that this alone should be sufficient incentive to the girls to read the best periodicals. Moreover, there is a certain feeling of satisfaction that comes with the consciousness of being well informed and with the knowledge that we are developing the fine art of conversation, which is to many of us a lost art. Most important of all, it is a point of culture to be acquainted with present-day movements. The old girls will remember how much emphasis Mr. Zueblin, in his lecture on "Democratic Culture," laid upon this fact. After defining culture as "a habit of mind, instinct with purpose, cognizant of the tendency and connection of human affairs, able and industrious in distinguishing the great from the trivial," Mr. Zueblin gave us some

suggestions to aid us in our efforts toward attaining this ideal. Not only must a cultured person be at home in the realms of history, art, literature, science, philosophy, and religion; he must, as well, be informed on three other important subjects, the present political movement, the labor movement, and the woman's movement. It is not enough that he simply be aware of the existence of these movements; he must know enough about them to form an intelligent opinion of them, and should not simply adopt the ideas of others without any thought on his own part.

Now, do the Sweet Briar girls make an attempt toward the accomplishment of this phase of culture? Most of us rarely, if ever, find time to read the papers. We may, indeed, subscribe to papers; some read only the "personal column;" still others take a paper merely for the sake of the consoling thought that when the mail is delivered we shall surely receive at least a paper. A great deal of the negligence and lack of interest on the part of the girls is due, no doubt, to ignorance, or rather to the failure to realize the importance of this part of our education. Our college courses are devised with a view to the fulfilment of the first set of requirements of culture, the knowledge of history, art, literature, science, philosophy, and religion; but, in order to attain this other important but often neglected phase of culture, a realization and knowledge of the interesting and perplexing present-day problems, we girls must, ourselves, make a conscious effort.

Exchanges

MARY BALDWIN MISCELLANY

We are grieved to say that this magazine is commonplace. There seems to be nothing in it which rises above the ordinary. The two poems in the *Miscellany,* "The Passing of Summer," and "My Fairy Dell," though not distressingly bad, have no distinguishing features. The stories are strained and unnatural. The best thing in the magazine is the story "Elaine, Alias Pat." This is well written; the style is easy, and though the plot is somewhat improbable, it is, on the whole, a good story.

THE PHARETRA

The Pharetra was gratifying to us for several reasons. It is an all-round magazine; it has not neglected any one branch of literature. The sketches are good, although the one entitled "Linnie" seems to have a very abrupt ending. We can not say that the stories give proof of any great merit. The "Wickedness of Measles" is well written and gives an intimate glimpse into the heart of a little Mennonite girl, but "The Try-out," and "The Playroom Ghost," are rather far fetched, and the endings fall flat.

THE TATTLER

The Tattler should be congratulated upon the poetry which appeared in its last issue. Of course, it does not show any remarkable genius, but it seems to us to be a great deal above the average of the poetic attempts that come to us. The essay on Robert W. Service is extremely good. The subject is well treated, and the force and beauty of Service as a poet are clearly brought out.

THE HOLLINS MAGAZINE

In *The Hollins Magazine* we noticed particularly the essay "Folklore in Play." This has originality, and is interesting and well written. We regret to say that the stories do not come up to the standard set by the other literary forms in this publication. "Red" is written in a charming style, and makes a splendid beginning. It catches the interest immediately, but this interest is somewhat diminished after it has been dragged through numerous catastrophes with no apparent aim in view. Nevertheless, *The Hollins Magazine,* as a whole, is one of the best that has come to us.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: *The Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Record, The Lesbian Herald, The Blue Grass Spinster, The Vassar Miscellany, The Hollins Magazine, The Talisman, The Wells College Chronicle, The Oracle, The Pharetra, The Tattler, Mary Baldwin Miscellany.*

Y. W. C. A.

AS TO SYSTEMATIC GIVING

Get out your dictionaries, please, and look up the definition of the word "systematic." Judging from the way in which contributions have been coming in, there seems to have been some misunderstanding of the word. It really does seem unnecessary, almost ridiculous, to attempt to explain as clear a term as "systematic giving." It means—well, just what it says, that you must give systematically. It does not mean that you can sign a pledge at the beginning of the year and systematically disregard that pledge throughout the year. You'll remember, we feel sure, that at the first meeting of the Association you were asked to promise only what you felt certain you could pay monthly, and if there was any doubt or hesitation on your part, not to sign up at all. You, therefore, made the pledge on your own responsibility, "with your eyes wide open," and it really is not "fair play" to let the delights of the tea house interfere with your contributions.

In the first place, this systematic giving is the only chance you have at Sweet Briar to give personally and voluntarily. Your monthly envelopes offer an opportunity for real self-sacrifice, which is, after all, the secret of true giving.

In the next place, we need the money which you have promised. It is necessary for the support of our local charities and for the cot in China for which we have assumed responsibility. We know that you approve of this work and that your previous negligence in paying your part has been the result of thoughtlessness. Won't you try from now on to hand in your envelopes promptly?

Dramatics

A RUSSIAN HONEYMOON

On November 15, *A Russian Honeymoon* was presented by the Senior Class. Between the acts the Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen entertained the audience with skits and class songs, which helped to increase the enjoyment of a well-given play.

Rebecca Stout, borrowed by the Seniors from their sister class, took the part of Poleska, the young wife of Alexis Petrovitch. The proud beauty, at first scorning her husband for his pretended low station in life, later yielding to her love for him, was admirably portrayed. Ellen Hayes, in the part of Alexis, acted with convincing naturalness and ease, the more remarkable in view of the fact that this was her first appearance in a principal rôle. She made a most satisfactory hero, and quickly enlisted the sympathy of the audience in her efforts to subdue Poleska's haughty spirit. The part of Koulikoff, the self-important intendant of Alexis' estate, was taken by Ruth Maurice, with her usual vigorous characterization, and Alice Swain, as Ivan, the shoemaker, raised many a laugh by her fondness for "old proverbs." Elizabeth Green took the part of Alexis' sister, who in the end manages to straighten matters between Poleska and Alexis. Abbie Munroe, and Laura Portmann, as Ivan's daughter, Micheline, and Osip, her lover, also played their parts well.

The play, as a whole, was splendid, and the Seniors are to be congratulated upon the success attending their essay into the field of dramatic art.

THE RUNAWAYS

The Runaways, presented by the new Ripplers, on November 29, certainly fulfilled its mission as stated on the pro-

gramme, "For laughing purposes only." The audience laughed from beginning to end of this amusing farce, but the most enthusiastic peals of laughter greeted Antoinette Camp, who, in the character of Texana, was easily the star of the performance. Texana, the hired girl, with her pigtails, gingham apron, droll sing-song voice, and her fondness for candy and "phonygraffs," was enough to tickle the funny bone of a confirmed pessimist, and her favorite expression, "My landsy Lena!" has passed into current Sweet Briar slang. Jean MacLean, who loved to have a finger in every pie, was played by Elsie Palmer, who, although a little self-conscious at first, soon got into her part and made an adorable little Miss Fixit.

Margaret Gibson acted exceedingly well the loving wife, who starts the series of misunderstandings which cause so many comic situations by her attempt to make her husband jealous. Elizabeth Spahr, as Max Juniper, showed possibilities which her part gave no chance to develop. May Foster proved her versatility by playing the part of Victoria, the diamond thief, every bit as well as she did that of Cherry Blossom, in *The Revenge of Shari-Hot-Su,* two diametrically opposite types.

The other characters, Ted Keegan, played by Ruth Watkins, Alonzo Willing, by Beatrice Bowman, and Sheriff Jim Larrabee, by Jane Henderson, were all excellent, and the new Ripplers are indeed a credit to their chapter.

On December 13, the new Merry Jesters will give a play.

Athletics

The *pièce de resistance* of athletics for this report has been, and still is, basket-ball—with only a few side *entrées* of lacrosse. Basket-ball is on every tongue, in every mouth (figuratively speaking), but is, of course, most apparent in the gymnasium now that it has become too chilly to use the athletic field. The enthusiasm about this sport is immense; every one who can play the game does it, and every one who can't, tries to.

The championship of the college was secured by the Senior-Sophomore team by winning three out of four games from the Junior-Freshman team. The original line-up of the winning team was as follows:

Clare Erck.....Center
Alice Swain.....Side Center
Jim Hayes, Laura Portmann.....Forwards
Harriet Harrison, Abbie Munroe.....Guards

Ruth Maurice is now playing in the place of Alice Swain, and Rebecca Stout is playing as forward instead of Laura Portmann. Rebekah Patton rendered valuable aid to the team by substituting in several games.

The Freshman-Junior team was originally:

Dorothy Purcell.....Center
Helen Bull.....Side Center
Louise Bennett, Martha Darden.....Forwards
Zalinda Brown, Frances Altschuler.....Guards

Those who have substituted and still are substituting on the Junior -Freshman team are Dorothy Grammer, Margaret Grant, and Elsie Palmer.

The schedule of the games in the championship series is:

November 4, on athletic field, score 23-13, in favor of Senior-Sophomores.

November 15, on athletic field, 17-15, Senior-Sophomores winning.

November 27, on athletic field, Senior-Sophomores 9, Junior-Freshmen, 13.

November 29, in the gym, 29-8, score in favor of the Senior-Sophomore team.

The special team played the Senior-Sophomore team twice —on November 17—the final score being 33-17 in favor of the college, and again, on November 20, when the college team won with a close score of 21-20.

The following girls played on the Special team:

Eppie Moss.....Center
D. Bertrand, R. Howell.....Side Center
Frances Lewis, Eleanor Eberle.....Forwards
E. Newmann, H. Tucker and H. Burns.....Guards

College Topics

On Saturday, October eighteenth, the Juniors entertained the Freshmen with a bonfire "under the greenwood tree" down by the lake.

On October twenty-fifth the old members of the Dramatic Association presented *The Revenge of Shari-Hot-Su* to the new students of the college. This was the first Japanese play given at Sweet Briar for some time, and it was much enjoyed.

Monday, October twenty-seventh, was the day of the new girls' party to the old girls. According to custom at Sweet Briar, it was a Hallowe'en party. At 7:59 o'clock each old girl and member of the faculty found herself in some peculiar position, such as hanging from a chandelier, there to be claimed by a ghost. She was then piloted around by her ghost for the remainder of the evening, visiting the "Chamber of Horrors," the "Aeroplane," the refreshment booths, and finally the gymnasium. The party was a great success and was much appreciated by the old girls.

On November first a number of Sweet Briar girls went up to Charlottesville for the Vanderbilt-Virginia game. Those who went were: Elizabeth Green, Nanetta Burton, Clara Belle Baker, Martha Valentine, May Foster, Jane Tyler, Miriam Jones, Katherine Effinger, Dean Dillard, Jessie Heaton, Lester Randolph, Mildred Hiltebrant, Mary Rhodes, Carolyn, O'Bannon, Jane Carothers, Helen Eubank, and Elsie Palmer. Miss Overly and Mr. and Mrs. Worthington were chaperons.

Maude Adams was in Lynchburg in *Peter Pan* on Thursday, November the sixth. A special train ran from Sweet

Briar, and nearly all the college went in to see the great actress.

On Saturday night, November the eighth, the Freshmen entertained the Juniors with an old-fashioned house-warming in the tea house.

On November fifteenth the Seniors presented *A Russian Honeymoon.* Between the acts of the play the Juniors and Sophomores entertained the audience.

November twenty-first was Founder's Day. Dr. Irving Bacheller gave the Founder's Day address. The dance, which took place in the refectory at nine o'clock, was managed by Miss Elizabeth Green. She led the opening figure with Mr. Preston Lane, from the University of Virginia, assisted by Miss Jane Tyler and Mr. Gus Mason, from the University of Virginia. Miss Green's committee was composed of Misses Jane Tyler, Amizetta Northcott, Ruth Maurice, Nancy Munce, and Elsie Palmer.

On Monday, November twenty-third, the members of the music faculty gave a concert, which was very much enjoyed by the college.

On the evening of Thanksgiving Day, November twenty-seventh, Dr. and Mrs. Walker entertained the students and faculty with a bonfire at Mount St. Angelo. This bonfire is always a matter of great pleasure to Sweet Briar, and was especially so this year.

On Saturday evening, November twenty-ninth, the new Ripplers presented *Teddy, or the Runaways.* After the play they entertained the old Ripplers with a party in Sweet Briar parlors.

Dr. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia, lectured on "The English and Scottish Ballads," Monday,

December eighth. Dr. Smith is a frequent visitor at Sweet Briar, and his lectures are always much enjoyed.

On December the thirteenth the Merry Jesters presented *The Amazons.*

On Thursday evening, December eighteenth, the students of the music department gave a very enjoyable recital.

News From Old Girls

The marriage of Barbara Trigg to Mr. David Tucker Brown has been announced.

Among the old girls who have visited Sweet Briar during the past months are Nancy Watson, Lucille Schoolfield, Lillian Bowman, Ruth Gibson, Mary Tyler, Sue Slaughter, Mary Pinkerton, Frances Matson, Sarah Wilson, and Jessie Darden.

Loulie Wilson is teaching in Boisé City.

Estelle McFarland is a Sophomore, and Marion DaCamara is a Junior, at Smith this year.

During last August Miss Guion took an M. A. in Biochemistry and Organic Chemistry at Sage College. The subject of her thesis was *Purine Metabolism in the Opossum, Raccoon and Rat.* The work on the opossum was done at Sweet Briar. Her address is now Sage College, Ithaca, N. Y., where she is studying medicine.

Lillian Foster has announced her engagement.

On October 20th Margaret Browning was married to Mr. Francis Sidney Burt.

On January 6th Adelaide Hempstead was married to Mr. Keneth Hess.

Elizabeth Craven has announced her engagement to Mr. Robert Scott Wyman. Mr. Wyman is a first classman at the Naval Academy.

Sense and Nonsense

Ode—At the End of the Term

O Muse, arise, my fountain-pen now fill,
And bring to me the cash to pay my bill;
Though well I've kept accounts, father I fear
Will say, "You've had enough to spend this year."
From Almond, Coleman, Millner, J. P. Bell
Come tokens of remembrance and farewell;
To-day a bill from Charlie Guggenheim
Destroyed my usual power to make good rhyme.
O Muse, whate'er you think that this may be,
It ain't no grammar, but it's poetry.

A. M. S., '15.

Chorus of Juniors Disguised as Seniors

I

Oh, where, oh, where have our caps and gowns gone?
Oh, where, oh, where can they be?
For they disappeared from our rooms last night;
If they're locked up, where is the key?

They were fine and new, our dear caps and gowns,
They never yet have been worn,
And on Founder's Day, if we get them back,
They may be tattered and torn.

II

Chorus of Juniors, in Bright Red Bathrobes and Pasteboard Caps

No, we have not found them,
No, we have not found them;
So we have donned these robes of somber hue.

Hugh? No, not Hugh Black,
Though we do not doubt that
We do look like him, and are like him, too.

Henry: Becka, have you heard it?
Becka: All about the tickets?
Abbie: There is a sign that says they are reduced.
Port: Who could have done it?
Jim: Ruth, she has done it.
Ruth: That's not my writing!
All: Those Juniors beat the deuce!

CHORUS FOR DORMITORIES

(Randolph carrying solo part)

Randolph:
Glory, Hallelujah, shout the praises to the sky!
Grey, Carson, Grammer:
Yes, gladly will we shout them, but prithee tell us why?
Randolph:
Perhaps on sober second thought that *would* be a good plan-o,
The reason that we shout them is for Randolph's new piano.

CHORUS:

Glory, Hallelujah, shout the praises to the sky,
All together do we shout them, and there's a reason why:
The gym is saved for basket-ball; we spare Gray parlor's rug,
And to express our gratitude, give us Miss Young to hug.

R. F., '16.

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Business Manager's Announcement

THE SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE, which is conducted by the student body of Sweet Briar College, is at present published quarterly.

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The above is the statement of The Sweet Briar Magazine Staff as sworn to before Notary Public, October 29, 1913, in compliance with the postal regulations of October 24, 1912.

Sweet Briar House

One hundred years ago a brave man stood,
With step arrested, bowed in earnest thought,
His eyes the blue and misty mountains sought,
Around him rose the giants of the wood.
"In this primeval forest it is good
That one should build a home," he softly thought.
Perchance he closed his eyes, a vision caught
Of long ancestral lines—his bone and blood.
His children sleep; but other children there,
Who joyously seek truth, this home may have,
These arched arcades, these towers low and square,
These giant trees whose bending branches wave
Witness to God's mysterious, fostering care;
God thought with thee, oh, earnest man, and grave.

A. K. B.

June, 1913.

The Dramaturgy of "Macbeth"

SHAKESPEARE, at the time of the writing of *Macbeth,* was primarily interested in the portrayal of character. He was attracted by the subtleties and inner workings of the human mind. Complexities of incidents and situations as such had lost the importance attached to them in his earlier years. Now they were considered almost entirely for their bearing on personalities. Since the dramatist was thus on the alert for any material that might be made use of in the development of character, we are not surprised when he gathers certain incidents from Holinshed's Chronicle and weaves them in such a fashion as to set forth the complete moral deterioration of a character in which we are the more interested because the character possessed also the potentialities for good.

Shakespeare drew the material for his tragedy from three separate stories of the Chronicle. The story of "Makbeth" furnished the greater part of the material. The story of the murder of King Duffe by Donwald, with changes whereby the emphasis is laid rather on the effect of the deed upon the perpetrators than on the deed itself, gave the dramatist the main outlines for the incidents of the murder of Duncan. The third story, not as important but still significant, was the murder of Malcome by Kenneth. There is an obvious resemblance between the conscience-stricken Kenneth, who hears an unknown voice prophesy his doom and passes the night "without anie sleepe comming into his eies," and the half-crazed Macbeth exclaiming in terror (Act II, sc. 2, l. 35):

> "Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!
> Macbeth does murder sleep!' "

Besides these three stories of the Chronicle, the incident of the death of young Siward was drawn from the "fift Chapter of the eight Booke of the historie of England."

In comparing *Macbeth* with its sources, we find that the only real creations on the part of the dramatist were the ghost of Banquo, the Porter scene, the reading of Macbeth's letter by Lady Macbeth, and the sleep-walking scene of Lady Macbeth. Apart from these, the characters and incidents were at least suggested, and in some cases developed, in the source. In the Chronicle, however, events are connected by no closer link than the two frequently repeated "shortlie after." The incidents are detached and not interrelated one to another. Shakespeare, by relating the incidents to each other and every incident to the character of the hero, gives unity to the whole and changes the straggling Chronicle narrative into the most closely knit of tragedies.

It was only by focusing the interest upon one central character and the struggles of this character that a drama could have been made from the material, which was essentially historic rather than dramatic. Since the main interest of the tragedy consists in observing the changes in the character of the hero, in comparing *Macbeth* with its sources our interest naturally follows three lines: (1) the way in which the dramatist vitalizes and concentrates events and relates them to each other as well as to the character and career of the hero; (2) the skilful manner in which the dramatist brings out the character of the hero through contrast with other characters in the drama; (3) the additions made by the dramatist to give to this hero the proper background, an effective dramatic setting for an essentially tragic character.

The first and chief example of the interaction of the elements of the play is to be found in the weird sisters. Though these weird sisters, with their three-fold prophecy,

existed in the Chronicle, the supernatural atmosphere which surrounded them, their ghastly incantations, and the way in which they strike the dramatic keynote of the play (Act I, sc. 1), are all the productions of the dramatist.

The uncanny chorus of these creatures, "Fair is foul and foul is fair," is echoed by Macbeth upon his entrance on the stage—"So fair and foul a day I have not seen." So the dramatist establishes at once a connection between the valiant general and supposedly loyal servant of the king and these demoniacal creatures of the air. We feel instinctively that from henceforth they are to exercise some subtle influence over his career. They may be, as some have thought, but the outward expression of his own wicked nature. They may represent merely objective forces for evil which he was too weak to resist. However we may account for them—and possibly the dramatist, whom we must remember was writing for an Elizabethan audience with a firm belief in supernatural agencies and interposition, did not really intend them to be accounted for—they are there, and we recognize them as forces in the development of Macbeth's character.

That Macbeth may be more completely brought under the sway of these creatures, a partial confirmation of their prophecy takes place at once when Ross enters and declares that the king, in return for Macbeth's deeds of valor, has made him Thane of Cawdor (Act. I, sc. 3, l. 105). Immediately after the influence of the witches over Macbeth is thus strengthened, Duncan, animated by a feeling of good will towards the world in consequence of the victories won by his noble general, declares his eldest son, Malcolm, Prince of Cumberland (Act I, sc. 4, l. 37), thereby removing Macbeth's secret hope of succession to the crown. The weird sisters had prophesied and their prophecy had, in a most miraculous manner, been partially fulfilled. Here was an unforeseen barrier—a barrier not only to Macbeth's ambi-

tions but to what was apparently a foreordained supernatural decree. The king, moreover, would spend the night at Inverness. Was this fact in itself not a suggestion of what he might do to aid the spirits in their workings? (Act I, sc. 4, l. 48):

> "The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step
> On which I must fall down or else o'erleap,
> For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
> Let not light see my black and deep desires."

Thus, instead of the vague "shortlie after" of the Chronicle, events leading up to the murder of Duncan are closely related one to another, and all are brought to bear on the character of the hero.

The main details of the murder of Duncan are, as has already been stated, those of the murder of King Duffe by Donwald. Duncan's presence as a guest in Macbeth's castle, the part taken by Lady Macbeth in urging and planning the murder, the drunken sleep of Duncan's chamberlains on the night of the murder, Macbeth's precautionary slaughter of the chamberlains, the suspicion caused by his overacted horror when the murder was discovered, all have their parallels in the Chronicle. The chief dramatic interest lies in the development of the characters of the perpetrators of the murder. The dramatist skilfully gives those scenes which enable the audience to see for itself the struggle of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. Two human souls are, so to speak, laid bare, and, in the intensity with which we gaze on these, the murdered king is lost sight of.

The flight of Malcolm and Donalbain, one to England and the other to Ireland, and the refusal of Macduff to go to Scone and see the new king crowned, are events of vital importance. Though Macbeth has apparently been successful in his evil course, we feel that here are suggestions of opposing forces—these three incidents, in themselves of

minor importance, must be connected with events of deeper significance. And so it proves, for Malcolm and Macduff are the most important factors in the political reaction which soon begins to make itself felt.

After Macbeth has accomplished his design and gained the crown, the prophecy of the sisters (Act I, sc. 3, l. 67), "Banquo shall 'get kings, though he be none," takes possession of his mind (Act III, sc. 1, l. 47):

> "To be thus is nothing;
> But to be safely thus: our fears in Banquo
> Stick deep. . . .
> They hailed him father to a line of kings;
> Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
> And put a barren sceptre in my gripe."

The supernatural spirits are indeed potent influences in the life of the hero. As a direct result of their prophecy, the murder of Banquo is accomplished. Furthermore, he will consult again the wisdom of these three sisters (Act III, sc. 4, l. 133):

> "And betimes I will to the weird sisters;
> More they shall speak, for now I am bent to know,
> By the worst means, the worst."

The apparitions presented to him on this visit to the witches prove of as vital importance and influence, as their three-fold prophecy. By encouragement along what seemed the most secure of paths, Macbeth is by these creatures lured to his destruction.

(Act IV, sc. 1, l. 80):

> "Laugh to scorn
> The power of man, for none of woman born
> Shall harm Macbeth."

(Act IV, sc. 1, l. 92):

"Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him."

What need of fear when safe-guarded by such prophecies? And yet, to make security doubly sure, he would slay Macduff, whom these rulers of his destiny had warned him against. Macduff has fled to England, but his wife and children become the innocent victims of the close relation between Macbeth and the weird sisters.

Even when the reactionary forces of the moral and political world are gathering around him, so great is the spell of these creatures over Macbeth, he will not despair until their last promise of support gives way (Act V, sc. 5, l. 45):

"And now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane—Arm! Arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone."

The moral and political realms had already brought their forces to bear on Macbeth in his diabolical course, but so closely has the dramatist related his character to supernatural orderings and interventions, we do not feel that his downfall would be justifiable until this spirit realm, too, turn against him.

The mere interaction of elements and events upon each other and upon the character of the hero would make the tragedy of intense interest even if there were no sharp character contrasts. But Shakespeare, with true dramatic appreciation, has given us contrasts of the most striking kind, contrasts not only of a stationary but also of a developing nature.

The historian had represented Banquo as party to Macbeth's schemes and designs. The dramatist realized the marvelous possibilities of representing Banquo as a force for good, as a representative of that moral order upon which Macbeth was infringing. The contrast is shown in the very beginning by the spirit in which the two men accept the prophecies of the three sisters. In the mind of Macbeth the prophecy struck an answering chord. Even before he met these mysterious beings his nature seemed to be in tune with theirs. At their three-fold prophecy he was elated beyond measure. Wishing to inspire his companion with his enthusiasm, and desiring at the same time to sound the ambitions of this companion, he asked (Act I, sc. 3, l. 115):

> "Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
> When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me
> Promised no less to them?"

No answering chord had been struck in the mind of Banquo. He did not understand the sisters, still less did he understand the partial fulfilment of their prophecy, yet he recognized in them possible forces for evil. His reply is carefully given, and might have put a less absorbed and less ambitious man than Macbeth on his guard (Act I, sc. 3, l. 122):

> "But 'tis strange:
> And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
> The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
> Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
> In deepest consequence."

From this time on Banquo is represented as an opposing force which blocks the path of Macbeth. The ghost of Banquo is invented by the dramatist to show that even after death the spirit of this opposing force must be reckoned with by Macbeth. This conception of Banquo is so entirely dif-

ferent from that in the Chronicle we might almost consider the whole character of Shakespeare's creation.

The second character with which the dramatist contrasts the hero is the accomplice and, in some cases, the inaugurator of his schemes and plans. The contrast between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth is of a most subtle nature. The strength of one is the weakness of the other. Macbeth has an abundance of physical courage; "if the assassination could trammel up the consequence," if there were no after effects, no pangs of remorse, he might undertake anything. He is afraid of himself, of his own moral nature. Lady Macbeth has no such fears and misgivings. She is practical, matter of fact, and in no sense the prey of her imaginations—"A little water will cleanse us of the deed. No pangs of a remorseful conscience will disturb her peace of mind. From the moment she receives her husband's letter announcing the approach of Duncan to Inverness, her moral courage is inexhaustible. It is only when she is not herself, when the woman's physical nature is exhausted, that she breaks down and we have the frightful sleep-walking scene. The dramatist has at various times shown us the character of the hero in its weakest moments, moments when his very soul seemed torn asunder by the "horrible imaginings" which, in spite of his struggle, he was not able to resist (Act I, sc. 7, l. 1-10; Act II, sc. 1, l. 30-65; Act III, sc. 4). In this sleep-walking scene, Shakespeare portrays for us the collapse of the heroine. We are present when the forces of nature reign supreme and the will and determination of the woman who had violated its principles fall shattered to pieces.

While, in consulting the source of *Macbeth,* our chief interest is absorbed in the dramatist's manner of developing the main character through the manipulation of events and contrast with other characters, much might be said of the devices of Shakespeare for dramatic effectiveness. In these

devices he was influenced primarily by his Elizabethan audience, with its ability to make abrupt changes, its belief in the supernatural, its craving for the mysterious and, above all, its insistence upon a thrilling story told in a thrilling manner. The interest of this audience was not primarily in character portrayal. The mental states of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth were of little consequence so long as they felt the sensations caused by the gory deed. So, in remodeling the material found in the Chronicle, Shakespeare had a two-fold task. Not only must he set forth the struggles of one central character; he must also entertain his audience by giving them something of those elements which they had come to expect in every play. The dramatist, happily for us, performs his task so as not only to entertain his contemporary audience, but also to increase the dramatic effectiveness of the play for all time.

The flash of lightning and the roar of thunder on the wild Scottish heath would not only delight an Elizabethan audience, but also give some idea of the tempestuous character of the play and its hero. Again, the approach of Banquo and Fleance to Macbeth's castle on a night so dark that there seemed to be "husbandry in Heaven," forecasts the dark deed that is to follow. The incessant knocking heard by Macbeth and Lady Macbeth just after they have committed the crime, and even the porter scene itself, although affording a certain amount of comic relief, increases the tragic effectiveness of the whole. The horrors of the night, as experienced by people outside of the castle, are drawn from the Chronicle but made more effective by Shakespeare's elaboration. The entrance of the murderer when Macbeth is seated at the banquet, and his acknowledgment of the partial failure of his undertaking, give another dramatic touch. So also does the appearance of Banquo's ghost at the very moment when the hypocritical host mentions his name. The sleep-

walking scene of Lady Macbeth is of the utmost dramatic power and intensity.

Many other dramatic touches might be enumerated, for the hero is no more tragic than the setting in which Shakespeare has placed him. Indeed, we feel, as in the case of the events and incidents, that the setting is almost a part of his nature, so closely is it related to him, to his motives, and to his evil deeds. By thus relating the setting, the incidents, the minor characters, and the character of the hero, Shakespeare has transformed the sprawling narrative of Holinshed into the unified *Macbeth,* a tragedy the intensity of which has never been excelled.

Annie M. Powell.

March 1, 1913.

The Two Monuments

Thou grave and lovely angel, with thine arm
Uplifted, finger pointing to the sky,
In dignity and beauty lifted high
On shaft and pillar, guarding safe from harm,
From desecration, and from rude alarm
The walled circle where the three graves lie,
Rest here through time, nor lift thy wings to fly.
Across the slopes, pulsing with life-blood warm,
Restless with joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Where rise the pillars of yon colonnade,
Women will need thy care through all the years.
Each earnest step treading the long arcade
Needs wisdom from above, needs hope that cheers;
God watches with thee—be thou not afraid.

A. K. B.

Illusion

THE eastbound train was speeding rapidly along its course through woodlands, over hilltops, past villages and lonely habitations. Now and then a stretch of level country with a wide river flowing through it met the eye; then woods again and lowly mountain cabins.

Robert Campbell wearily turned his eyes away from the window. He was tired, out of humor, bored. Was this train never going to get anywhere? Why did he have to be on it anyway? Why on earth couldn't his father have chosen some other time to go to Europe? Just when he, Robert, was enjoying the fall hunting, his father had to be unexpectedly called upon to pack his duds and skip to the other side of the world, leaving all of the business responsibilities resting upon his loudly remonstrating son. But it was no use. He had to be on the spot to boss the job.

Thus musing, Robert cast his eyes up and down the full length of the car. There was not one interesting-looking person in it; not a soul with whom to pass away the time. Presently a white-clad waiter came through the car and announced that dinner was served. With a sigh of relief, Robert got up and followed the other passengers into the dining car. He sent in his order and sat dreamily looking out of the window again.

Suddenly he was interrupted by some one approaching the seat directly opposite him. It was the only vacant place in the car. The waiter placed the chair, and a young lady sat down and began looking the menu over. While she was thus employed, Campbell occupied himself to advantage by looking her over.

"Great Scott! Here was peaches and cream for you! She certainly was a good looker! Hair like the raven's wing,

eyes like stars, with lashes that swept the roses of her cheeks; ah, yes—even the alabaster brow!" said Robert to himself. Where in thunder had she dropped from? She certainly wasn't in the parlor car. Of that he was certain. Trust him to have spotted her! And there was only the one chair car. Day coach? Good heavens, no! Look at that hat! look at the cut of the suit! Look at everything! Still, when you came right down to the point, he wasn't much of a judge of the price of women's clothes, never having had to buy any himself; but his father was always kicking about his sister's bills and she never came within a mile of this one! His sister was considered good looking, too. But this girl certainly was the most striking one he had ever seen.

The waiter set his dinner before him. He knew it not. *She* was drawing off her gloves. No, thank heaven! There was no solitaire on the third finger of her left hand! No ring of any description, in fact. He regained his breath, but immediately lost it again on hearing her speak to the waiter. Such a voice! He must hear it again. He must manage to get her talking! But how to manage it? He began bolting his food. Then he stopped, fearing he would get through before she did. Here was a problem! She was certainly not the type one could talk to freely. That was the misery of it. This was an opportunity, however, one must not let go. There was still a long, tedious afternoon before New York was reached.

Robert cleared his throat.

"Will you have some salt?"

"Thank you," she replied, reaching out her hand. Their fingers met for an instant. So far, so good. But what next? Oh, praise be! The sugar was on his side of the table. She would need the sugar for her tea. But maybe she didn't take sugar. Oh, cheer up! Only old maids refused sugar! Why ——?

"May I trouble you for the sugar, please?" sounded like music in his ears. He passed it to her with his most chivalric manner.

"Thank you," she replied, with a faint smile.

"Cream?" he asked, thinking of the smile.

"No, thank you." This time without the shadow of one.

They ate on in silence; silence that became unbearable to Campbell. The waiter was bringing on the dessert. Something must be done! She was looking out of the window.

"Glorious country, this," he volunteered.

"Very lovely, indeed," returned she, though for the life of her she could see nothing very beautiful in the high banks of pure sand that blocked out everything else from the car window.

"I presume you are going straight on to New York?" he ventured.

"Yes," rather coldly.

"It's rather tiresome traveling, isn't it?" he said, trying to rectify the false move.

"Yes, indeed, it certainly is," she replied with a deep sigh.

"Have you tried the observation car yet?" he asked. "It's most delightful out there."

"No," she returned frankly.

"Wouldn't you like to go out and rest for a few minutes?" he asked wildly. It seemed as if his life hung in the balance as he waited for her answer. After the slightest hesitation she gave it.

"Well, yes; I believe I should?"

Why she gave that answer she never could tell. She only knew that she was tired and troubled. This was the first time she had traveled alone, without some one to rely on, some one to talk to. This young gentleman was most attractive and most polite. She knew she could trust him to keep his distance. Besides, here was momentary release from

the day coach which she loathed. So out they went, and Robert did his best to entertain her by telling her what little he knew about the country they were passing through. He hoped to heaven the United States history would forgive him for forced marches that his brain conceived of on the spur of the moment, and for countless Washington's headquarters.

Too soon the time for departure came. Campbell asked if he could be of any assistance to her. She thanked him very kindly, but replied in the negative and was gone.

Three days later Robert Campbell sat at his father's desk in a handsome New York office. He was supposedly looking over the morning's mail that lay sorted for his convenience. But somehow he could not seem to put his mind on the business of the day. His thoughts kept constantly recurring to the accidental episode of his homeward journey. Why in thunder hadn't he drummed up courage enough to ask her name and address or something? Supposing she had refused them, as she undoubtedly would have, at least he would have had the satisfaction of knowing that he had done all he could. But to let her get completely away from him like that. What a fool he was! Why, if he searched a hundred years he could never hope to find her in New York. There was a knock on the office door.

"Young lady to see you, sir."

"Show her in, Taylor."

There was a moment's pause. Then the door opened again and the girl entered. Campbell had turned to his desk to collect his thoughts. Now he leaned leisurely back in his chair and swung around. As he turned his head he started violently. One glance and he was on his feet in an instant, bowing in his most courtly manner. For there stood before him, just as he had left her three days ago, the girl of whom he had been thinking ever since. She, too, started,

colored, and stepped backward. But almost instantly she regained her self-composure.

"This is Mr. Campbell, I presume?"

"Yes, Miss—er—— Won't you please sit down?" placing a chair for her. She took the offered seat, then:

"I've come in answer to your advertisement for a stenographer," she said by way of explanation, with just the slightest tremor in her voice.

"You've come—Is there some one you could recommend to me?"

"No, I didn't mean that. I've come to apply myself."

"You mean that *you* wish to fill the position yourself?"

"Yes."

Campbell stared aghast for a minute, then recollected himself. "Why—er, certainly. Pardon me; you see I—er—oh—er I didn't know that stenography was your profession."

The girl looked straight ahead of her. She was trying hard not to break down. But this treatment was so different from that which she had received in most places. This man's tone of voice, his very manner reminded her of home. And she had been so lonely since she had arrived in this great city. But he was speaking:

"I shall be very glad to engage your services. And now would you mind telling me your name and address?"

"Certainly not," she replied. "Marian Falkland, 613 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. You will expect me then at ——?"

"Would it be possible for you to begin to-morrow morning at nine o'clock?"

"Yes, certainly," she replied. "Good morning, Mr. Campbell."

Robert Campbell closed the door after her, then sank into his big chair. "A stenographer! Good Lord! She looks

like a queen! Some family trouble I'll wager. That girl working! Why I'd swear she'd been brought up in the lap of luxury!" And for a full half hour he raved to himself, trying to fathom out the mystery, as he considered it.

Several times he tried to settle down to the business of the day, but each time failed utterly. Then he began pacing up and down, wondering what to do next.

"Hang it all! He didn't want that girl to be his stenographer! He wanted her—oh, well, he wanted to know her better, to be friends with her, to take her around to dinners and plays—but hanged if he wanted her for his stenographer! Anyway he knew where she lived. That was all he wanted anyhow.

So accordingly, that evening, he went to 613 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. He sent up a message that he would like to see Miss Falkland upon business. Miss Falkland, however, very coolly sent down word that she preferred discussing business during business hours, and if Mr. Campbell would be so kind as to wait until the next morning ——. Well, there was nothing for Mr. Campbell to do but wait. Accordingly, he went back home again, feeling as though some one had given him a slap in the face.

"By Jove! She's a cool one!" he said to himself. "Discussing business in business hours! I'll have to be careful how I handle her."

The next morning promptly at nine Marian Falkland appeared at the office of Robert Campbell. She had a hard, tedious day of it trying to adjust herself, but she had gotten through pretty well. Furthermore, Robert Campbell had not annoyed her in the least, as she had feared. He was respectful, courteous, considerate—nothing more. For several days her work progressed, and things looked bright for her employer once more. Then one day Robert forgot himself—forgot her relation to him and her work. She was in his

private office taking down notes from his dictation. When he had finished she turned to go, but he called her back. For the first time he mentioned their meeting in the dining car and their chat on the observation platform. He became just the least bit too personal, and started to inquire into her past life. She managed to slip away from him somehow, but the next morning instead of finding his stenographer at her usual post, he found a curt little note awaiting him, announcing her resignation.

Dumbfounded, Campbell dropped the letter. So now he had done it for sure! Gosh, what a fool he was! He might have known! Yes, he might have known, but dash it all, he was glad of it anyway. Things couldn't have gone on as they were any longer. He was madly, wildly in love with the girl and he knew it. The time had come at last. She was no longer in his employ. They were on an equal footing once more. He would go to her, tell her all, and get it over with. Then, well if she would not listen—if she refused—oh, well, hang it all, it had to be done and at once, before she got away for good and all.

So that night he went once more to No. 613. This time he gave no name, but said that an old friend of Miss Falkland would like to see her if she would be so kind. Then he settled back in a big easy chair, smiling to herself over the clever little trick he had concocted.

Suddenly, however, he became aware of heavy footsteps on the stairs, and a deep, low voice, as the curtains swung aside, and a tall, good-looking chap appeared in the doorway.

"Friend of my wife's, eh?" Mighty glad to see you, sir!" greeted his unbelieving ears. "What can we do for you this evening?"

But Robert had already started to his feet, mouth wide open, face aghast.

"Your wife, did you say? Your wife?" he gasped.

"Sure thing," was the ready response. "We were married just half an hour ago. I've been hunting this blooming country over for her, to straighten out ——."

But Robert, hat in hand, coat forgotten, had already reached the corner and was wildly calling a taxi.

D. LYDECKER, '16.

The Face at the Window

HIGH up on the hill stood the old house, huge and weatherbeaten, and very gloomy now. In days gone by the lights from that house had streamed down the hill to the little village clustered at its foot, and the village people had watched with absorbed interest the comings and goings, the entertainments and festivities of the joyous crowds which always thronged there, for in those days there had been no house in all that county so famous for its widespread hospitality. But now the big house on the hill was silent; it no longer gleamed with lights, nor buzzed with the hum of voices. Only one man lived there now, a man as gloomy and forbidding as the rambling old house itself, a man who walked through life with his eyes upon a dim and mist-enshrouded future, who looked neither to the right nor to the left of the path whereon he trod. And yet he was what the world called a great man, one whose master mind sent forth messages at which all nations marvelled.

One winter night this man sat at his desk, in his splendid, panelled library, writing. Far on into the night he wrote. Outside, the wind howled and moaned through the lashing trees; it whistled through the rambling structure. Within, gradually the fire died, and the room grew cold and cheerless. But the man at the desk cared little for the howling wind or the dying fire—he cared only for his messages to the world. On and on he wrote, and the wind howled on through the lashing trees.

Presently, outside the window back of him, there was a slight movement, a glimmer of white, and then a face appeared, a ghostly, ghastly, malignant face. For a long time it looked at the man with burning eyes. Then slowly, softly the window was raised. The man at the desk wrote steadily;

the wind rose to a mighty shriek as it soared around the corners of the house. The figure at the window made a single movement; there was a sharp click, the pen in the hand of the famous man stopped its steady movements, the man himself leaned farther over the table. All was again still, except for the rushing wind. Quietly the window was lowered—slowly, reluctantly, the malignant face was withdrawn.

. . . . . .

Very early the next morning a man boarded the southbound express. In his breast pocket there was a telegram which said:

"Come at once, if possible; case very important.

"MARTIN."

He was a thin man, of medium height, clean shaven, with mild blue eyes and a placid smile. At first glance one would never have taken him for a genius, in any line; the elements of peculiarity were apparently lacking in him, his hair was closely cut, he was well dressed, immaculate, entirely inconspicuous. Nevertheless, back of the mildness and placidity there was a marvelous shrewdness, and behind the mild blue eyes there was a mind the workings of which many men would have given much to know.

During the short journey he sat quietly, apparently absorbed in the landscape, and it was in a leisurely, unhurried manner that he left the train when he reached the city which was his destination. Outside the gates he was met by a red-headed fox-terrier of a man, lean and sharp-featured, and very much alive.

"Howdy, Hart," he said in a thin but not unpleasant voice, when he caught sight of the newcomer.

"How are you, Martin?" replied Hart.

With entire lack of enthusiasm the men shook hands, and then Martin led the way silently to a small roadster. When the men were seated, and the car on its way to the little village of its destination, Martin turned to Hart.

"S'pose you've heard of the Belding murder?" he remarked.

"Yes; read the newspaper account. What is the truth about it?"

"Pretty much what was told. The old man was found dead in his library, shot in the back of the neck. His butler found him about 1:30 this morning. He called Wells, Mr. Belding's secretary, who sent in town for me, and I telegraphed you.

"Did the butler hear the shot, or did he find Belding accidentally?"

"That's the queer part," answered Martin, the note of shrillness in his voice deepening from excitement. "No one heard the shot. Butler says he was sitting right in the next room the whole time. He was waiting to shut up the house. Belding had been dead for some time when he found him. The servants' quarters are just underneath, and they didn't hear anything."

"What servants are there?" inquired Hart.

"Cook, housemaid, and butler."

"And is that all the household, besides the secretary?"

"Yes—no, there is a sort of man-of-all-work, gardener and driver, but he is old and doesn't live on the place."

The men lapsed into silence as the little roadster sped on down the white road, through the quiet village, up the winding driveway which led to the house, its desolation enhanced now by the presence of mystery and crime.

The butler met them at the door. He was a quiet man, pasty-faced and commonplace; his manner was punctilious, mechanical, subservient. At Martin's request he led the way

to the darkened room where the body had been laid after the coroner's inquest. It did not take Hart long to complete his investigations there. There was nothing perplexing about the manner of Mr. Belding's death. He had obviously been murdered; the wound was that of an ordinary bullet, the position only was unusual. He had not been shot through the throat, as Hart had gathered from Martin's account, but just at the base of the brain. The wound sloped upwards, the bullet probably having lodged in the brain and killed him instantly. This upward slant could easily be explained by the position of the head when the shot was fired. Belding had been leaning over his desk, and the bullet must have penetrated the bent head in a line parallel to the ledge of the window from whence the shot had evidently come.

Hart next turned his attention to the library, the scene of the murder itself. Carefully, minutely, he examined the room, the desk, the position of the chair in which the murdered man had been sitting. The ground outside the window was also searched, and then Hart began to interview the members of the household. While Martin was gone to get the servants, Philip Wells, the secretary appeared. He was a man of about twenty-five, slender and sandy-haired, with shoulders already slightly stooped. When he saw Hart he came forward with outstretched hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Hart," he said. "I am very glad you have come. This is a horrible affair—I am very much upset about it."

"Naturally! And now, Mr. Wells, suppose you tell me all that you know about this thing."

"I know practically nothing," answered Wells. "Last night, about one-thirty, I was awakened by Williams, the butler. He seemed greatly agitated, and told me that Mr. Belding had been murdered. Of course I was greatly shocked, but on going down to the library I found that it

was but too true. Mr. Belding was still sitting at his desk, but he had fallen forward, and seemed to have been dead for some time. We immediately notified the coroner and sent into the city for Mr. Martin.

At this moment Martin appeared in the doorway, followed by Williams, and the great detective then turned his attention to the butler. As Martin and the secretary withdrew, Hart began his questions, which drew from Williams the facts that it was his duty each night, after his master retired, to lock up the house, but that on the previous night Mr. Belding had remained at his work so much longer than was his custom that he, while waiting in the little ante-chamber which adjoined the library, had fallen asleep. Upon awakening, and seeing the light still in the next room, he had decided to secure the rest of the house, and then, coming back to the library, he had discovered Mr. Belding, leaning across his desk, dead. He had been very much frightened, and had immediately awakened Mr. Wells. He affirmed that he had been in the ante-chamber from the time that he first came to lock the house for the night, at which time Mr. Belding had still been writing, until he had discovered the murdered man; that he had heard no noise whatever, and that it would have been impossible for any one to have fired a shot in the library without his hearing it.

After a few more questions, Hart dismissed the butler and went to interview the other two servants. The cook was a large, jovial individual, whose placid face was now somewhat pale and drawn from fear and excitement. The housemaid was young, and rather pretty; she was really frightened at the reality of the tragedy, but filled with excitement at her proximity to a real murder case. Neither of them had any light to throw upon the subject. They had been asleep in the servants' quarters, and had heard no noise; in fact, had known nothing about the murder until that morning.

After these interviews were over, Hart seemed to lose interest in the affair. He talked awhile with Wells, and found that they had attended the same university; walked over the grounds, and then announced that he was going down to the village, as he wanted to send some telegrams. After lunch he again went down to the village, and it was almost six o'clock before he returned and told Martin that he thought he had some interesting lights on the case. He instructed him to send for two of his men from town, and to have all the household gathered in the library at eight o'clock that night.

At eight the little crowd was assembled—the three servants frightened, eager, interested; Martin, more sharp and alive than ever in his excitement; his two men stolid and uninterested; the secretary, distressed, gently concerned over the affair. The eyes of all were turned upon John Hart. He was standing at one side of the room, and seemed to be fingering something in his coat pocket. Slowly he drew it out, and they saw that it was a small pistol, the end of it covered by a queer steel cap. For a moment he stood holding it, looking around the room, then—

"Watch that picture," he cried, pointing to a picture just above the desk at which Mr. Belding had been sitting at the time of his murder.

Involuntarily, Hart's audience looked in that direction, and as they did so they heard a little click, the glass of the picture was shattered, and a small hole appeared on the surface underneath. Hart advanced to the center of the room and surveyed the astonished faces around him.

"This," he explained, pointing to the revolver, "is a new invention, the noiseless repeater. It is the latest innovation in firearms. It is known to few people besides the government authorities and the inventor.

"Of course, it is perfectly certain that Mr. Belding's death was caused by shooting, but the absolute noiselessness of it convinced me that it must have been done by a noiseless revolver. But the question was, how did the murderer get possession of one of them. I telegraphed to the authorities in New York, asking how many of these revolvers were in circulation, and by whom they were owned. I received the answer that only one private citizen owned one, and that was Mr. Charles P. Waring, inventor, of New York City, with whom it was thought perfectly safe. I immediately telegraphed back for details concerning Mr. Waring and his family, and this is the answer."

He spread out the crisp yellow sheet and read:

"Only Mr. Waring and daughter—wife dead. He is old and eccentric; hobby is firearms. Daughter is nineteen, very pretty, engaged to man named Phil W. Allen. Father disapproves. Address is 230 W. 118th Street, New York City."

There was silence for a moment, and then Hart continued:

"I wired back for description of Allen, and certain information concerning him. I received this answer only a short while ago:

"Allen is tall, thin, stooping, pale; sandy-hair, blue eyes. Came from B——, N. Y. Worked his way through Harvard. Hasn't been seen for three months."

He stopped. The room was very quiet. Suddenly Hart turned, and pointing to Wells cried:

"Here, gentlemen, is the murderer of Harold Belding—Philip Wells Allen, his secretary."

With one accord they all jumped to their feet. Martin made a rush for the door—the two officers advanced, but the secretary made no attempt to escape. Hart continued:

"The circumstances, the description, fit; with a slight addition the name fits. Allen disappeared three months ago; you have been here just three months ——"

The secretary interrupted. He was standing, and he no longer stooped, he no longer seemed colorless—his eyes were burning, he seemed imbued with fire and passion.

"Oh, I killed him," he cried. "I stood there at that window and shot him. Do you want to know why? He killed my father. No," with a short, harsh laugh, "he didn't shoot him; he was not so merciful as that. He tortured him by slow degrees. That man was not always merely an intellectual machine. There was a time, before he became known, when he was interested in other things than his literary career. He and my father were from the same town; as young men they were in business together. For five years they worked together, and the firm grew and prospered. And then it was found that the firm had used the money entrusted to its care; that its basis was as hollow as a shell. The crash followed. With that powerful brain of his, Harold Belding contrived to put the blame upon my father. He made of him not only a man ruined in wealth but ruined in reputation, dishonored, disgraced. He was sent to prison, and there he died. He died in prison, and Harold Belding sent him there. Oh, how I hated that man!" he broke out fiercely. "The coldness, the hardness, the cruelty of him."

He suddenly ceased speaking, and the fire and the passion seemed to leave him. He was again what Hart had found, the quiet, colorless secretary.

The room was perfectly still; no one said anything, for no one had anything to say. But as Martin's men moved forward to do their duty, they were all thinking—thinking hard of the things which lay behind the name of the man whom the world called great.

Margaret Banister, '16.

The Lady of the Geraniums

JOHN GRAHAM sat at the window of his shabby little back room, in the mood to do something desperate. His eyes were fixed on the book in his hands, but his thoughts were upon the window opposite.

It was one of the many windows in the back of a house that fronted on the next street, a very old and dreary-looking house, with all signs of its former grandeur departed. The paint had peeled off in large patches, the cheap, dingy lace curtains hung limply at the windows; here and there a blind, hanging dejectedly by a single hinge, flapped feebly in the wind, as if lacking the spirit to resist. In the little back yard an ambitious rosebush had made an effort to grow, but discouraged by the bleakness all about it, was leaning forlornly against the sagging fence.

In the midst of this desolation the window opposite John's looked as if it had strayed there by accident and decided to stay. It was a charming window, its fresh, white muslin curtains primly against the shining panes, and just below a rich splash of color against the dull grayness, a window-box filled with scarlet geraniums.

As John sat there waiting patiently, he was acutely conscious of these glowing flowers. They spelled his heart's desire and all the youth and joy that had been denied him in his repressed and unhappy boyhood. The thought of those dreary years spent with the grim-faced uncle and the silent aunt who frowned upon his natural high spirits, his boyish ambitions and longings, and discouraged his right to a carefree childhood, until he built up a wall of reserve and retired behind it to brood in secret upon his childhood's wrongs.

Then followed the years of struggle in the business world, when he started at the foot of the ladder, and amid heart-

breaking discouragements and disappointments, struggled to the top. Yes, he had reached the top at last. The position he had coveted was his, with its congenial employment, its shorter hours, and longer bank-roll; but more than all these, he was determined to have friends. He would fight against his shyness, he would come out of his shell and win the friendship of other men. He had been unspeakably lonely at times, but that was all over now.

But first of all he must move into pleasant quarters. These had not been hard to find, and John smiled as he thought of the impatience with which he had hurried home early to pack his belongings on the day that the news of his good fortune had reached him. As he snapped down the catches on his suit case the blaze of color at the opposite window drew his eye, and he wondered for the hundredth time who lived there; but he had no time to speculate now. He picked up his suit case and turned for a last glance around the room.

Then the miracle happened. The white curtains were drawn apart and a girl's face appeared, looking for all the world like a rose amid the scarlet geraniums. She began to work busily and happily, patting and coaxing and encouraging, as if she loved each separate blossom. John stared and stared, dreading lest she should raise her head and see him, yet unable to tear his fascinated eyes from her face. And then, with a last little flirt of her watering pot, she closed the window with a bang, taking the glory of the day with her.

John knew now why he had never seen her before. He came home from the office very late in the evening and left in the morning. The thought came with appalling force that he might never have seen her. It was a very close shave, thought John, as he unpacked his suit case and returned the various articles to their proper places.

That was three weeks ago. He sat at the window this evening, waiting as he had done many times before, but the acquaintance was no farther advanced than on that first night. If he had been less shy he might have found a way, but a sensitive fear of rebuff made him helpless. To be sure, he had screwed up his courage one evening and had determined to open a conversation. He advanced boldly to the window and cleared his throat, preparatory to making the opening remark. She glanced up at the sound. John felt his face grow scarlet, and pretended to be studying the heavens for signs of rain. He execrated his timidity, but at least he had made the enchanting discovery that her eyes were blue.

And so matters stood three weeks after he had first seen her. Is it to be wondered at that John was desperate?

But Fate, who had dealt him so many unkind blows, was taking an interest in him at last and was sending a trusty messenger to straighten out his affairs. In fact, her instrument was at his threshold at that moment.

A faint sound in the hall drew his attention, and he opened the door. A large gray cat, with a snow-white breast, walked into the room with slow and deliberate steps, as if sure of a welcome. It sniffed daintily at the furniture for a few moments, then leaped upon the only comfortable chair in the room and began an elaborate and painstaking toilet.

"Well," said John, "for lofty indifference and cool impudence commend me to a cat. Here pussy, pussy; get out!" and he held the door open invitingly. But pussy was licking its paw industriously, and ignored his unwilling host.

Hearing the voice of his landlady's small son in the yard, John stepped to the window and called out, "Here, young man, is this your cat?"

"Wot cat?" demanded the "young man."

"This," and John held up the protesting animal for inspection.

"No; he ain't mine. We ain't got no cats in this house," said the "young man," and he picked up a rock with such a businesslike air that John shifted the cat out of range.

At that moment there was a rapturous cry, "Oh, Peter, Peter, you bad cat; where have you been?"

John glanced hastily up. It was the "Lady of the Geraniums," her eyes glowing, her teeth flashing, and two dimples that John had not even suspected, showing in her pink cheeks.

"Is this your cat?" he stammered, scarcely able to believe in his good fortune.

"Oh, yes; that's my Peter," she answered. "He disappeared yesterday and I was afraid he might have strayed away. Oh, would you mind having that little boy bring him over?"

"I'll take him over myself," said John gallantly. He was becoming very bold!

"Thank you," she said gratefully, and disappeared from the window.

John stopped long enough to change his gray tie for a gayer one that he secretly thought rather becoming, then seized his hat and the reluctant Peter, and hastened around to the next street. She met him at the door and took Peter into her arms with little cries of love and joy, which that ungrateful animal endured with stoicism. She thanked John sweetly, and, though he knew he ought to go, he lingered. After a moment she asked, "Won't you come in?"

She led him into a little funereal room, called the "parlor," spoke easily and naturally, and soon put John at his ease. She told him all about Peter from his frivolous, fluffy kittenhood to his present state of mature cathood. John was surprised to learn how interesting cats could be.

And then, encouraged by his sympathy and his kindness, she told him something of herself, her loneliness, her hopes and fears for the future, until he was in a whirl of con-

flieting emotions. She also told John that her name was Marion. It was near dinner time, and he was obliged to take his leave. He walked home with his head held high and his thoughts among the stars.

That was the beginning. In a week John was desperately in love. In a month they were engaged.

John insisted upon giving Peter credit for all their happiness, but Marion maintained that Peter had very little to do with it.

"Why," exclaimed John one day, "if it hadn't been for Peter, I might not even have known you now." He was appalled at the thought.

"Oh, yes, you would," said Marion without thinking. "I would have found some other way."

"You would have what!" demanded the amazed John.

Marion looked startled, and blushed guiltily, then smiled demurely.

"I may as well tell you now," she said, "for I know I shall certainly tell you some time." Her head dropped bashfully onto his shoulder. "Peter—that is—oh, well, you see—you were so afraid—and Peter isn't my cat at all."

Lois Zeehandelaar.

EDITORIALS

Is a College Course Worth While?

The time is approaching when Sweet Briar girls will be called upon to make a definite decision as to the courses of study they are going to pursue next year. Naturally there are a great many things to consider, and innumerable questions arise in our minds, but perhaps the most perplexing problem is "Shall I stay at Sweet Briar only a year or two as a special, or shall I make plans to complete the college course?"

The solution to this problem depends to a very great extent, of course, on what we expect to do after leaving Sweet Briar. But in making our decision let us remember that it is becoming a more and more widely recognized fact that the field of woman's work has become very wide, and a serious training is indeed indispensable to the woman who is going to undertake a serious occupation, whether it be a literary career, settlement work, or the possibly more difficult task of being an able and efficient mistress of a home. In whatsoever position a woman finds herself after college, she will discover that in overcoming the obstacles that she is bound to meet, her sharpened intuitions, her deep-rooted sense of self-dependence, large resourcefulness in presence of difficulties, a fearlessness and bravery in attacking untried things, and a never-wearying receptiveness for whatever can prove deserving and useful, all of which a college course tends to develop, will be invaluable to her. Whether a college woman marries or has some other life work, one can be sure that, whatever she is not, she will at least be a busy woman, putting her full strength and a brave spirit into

that work to which she devotes herself. We still find to a certain extent a praise of the good old days when woman devoted her energies and time developing her character instead of her mind, the erroneous inference being drawn that the two enterprises are distinctly alien. No one would wish even to infer any disparagement of the splendid women, our mothers and grandmothers, who never saw the inside of a college building; but different ages bring different problems, and if we wish to imitate our mothers and grandmothers, let us do it by being abreast of our times as they were of theirs, and by filling the new needs of our age as they filled the need of theirs. Indeed, the old order has changed so greatly that the women of to-day need an education which will enable them to begin their life work where that of the women of preceding generations has ended. The keynote of the present century is becoming more and more that of service; and as a college training tends to fit a woman to play her part and at the same time gives her the ability to do her work efficiently without extra strain and without scattering her energy, a complete college course should be seriously considered by every girl.

Of course, those who are doubtful of the merits of a college education may point to able and successful men, such as Edison, thinking that because Edison, without college training, has accomplished such wonders, it must necessarily follow that institutions of higher learning could not produce his equal. Would it not be more sensible to reflect how much more he might have done had his own ability and perseverance been coupled with training in a college laboratory? If we have a notion that such examples as this prove college education useless, let us remember that such people, properly called geniuses, are capable of educating themselves, and that unless we are quite sure that we, too, are geniuses, it would be safer for us not to undertake a like task.

Now, besides aiding a woman in the difficulties and unpleasant things, a college course is quite as invaluable in giving her a greater ability for the full appreciation and enjoyment of the good things of life. Her sense of humor and power of observation having been trained for four years, a college woman can find interesting and worth while many things which most untrained women would fail to appreciate. Consider, for example, the immense advantage a college woman, who has learned that comic opera is not the highest form of dramatic art, has in enjoying truly worthwhile dramas. Many of us have already begun to realize the value of a musical education in enabling one to derive the keenest pleasure from music. How much more at home in the world a woman must feel when she has been trained to understand and realize the social, economical, and political significance of things that are going on all around her. In these and many other realms a college woman can find food for thought which would escape the notice of others. Indeed, one might say that she has been inoculated against boredom for the rest of her life.

Exchanges

THE MOUNT HOLYOKE

The January issue of *The Mount Holyoke,* although excellent in most respects, was a disappointment to us in regard to the short stories. They do not come up to the standard set by the other departments of this magazine. Of the three contained in this issue "The Three Guardsmen" is the best. It is somewhat rambling, but on the whole it is well written, and the dialogue and conversation are natural. The style of "Across the Yellow Lamp Fringe" is easy, but the subject-matter is not particularly original, nor is the title very appropriate. "The Time Hiram Hurried" is the least interesting of the three. The characterization of Hiram and Miranda is not bad, but the ending of the story is disappointing. It just misses being funny, and therefore falls flat.

The four poems are all above the ordinary. "The Knight of the Crimson Sleeve" in ballad form is especially noticeable. It is simple and well-constructed. "Radiance" is a charming bit of imagery. Under the heading "In Short" there are several attractive sketches, and one or two poems worthy of notice. "Fairy Dust," for example, is delightful.

THE WELLS COLLEGE CHRONICLE

The Wells College Chronicle for February is not well balanced. It contains three short stories, one poem, one essay, three sketches, editorials, and the regular departments. We cannot refrain from lamenting the dearth of poetry which is now felt in the undergraduate world, although, in many cases, the poetic attempts which find their way into the respective publications are more distressing to the reader

than their absence would be. Nevertheless, "Agave," the one poem which this issue contains, is exceptionally good. The verse form is unique, and has a force and sweep which lends itself admirably to the wild nature of the subject.

We noticed particularly the essay on Bliss Carman with which this issue opens. It is an interesting and illuminating piece of work, showing thought and careful attention. The author has evidently been over her ground with care, and she knows her subject thoroughly. The essay opens with several cleverly satirical jabs at the realistic, and materialistic, tendencies of modern poetry; the author then outlines Bliss Carman's works, and winds up with an interesting sketch of his character and characteristics. It is altogether a well-constructed essay, written in an easy and graceful style.

THE ORACLE

The Oracle seems to be a sickly and emaciated magazine. Of course, allowances should be made for the February issue on account of the disadvantage under which the editors are laboring, owing to the recent fire which has destroyed the Henderson-Brown College. Nevertheless, there are several glaring deficiencies which cannot be excused. In the first place, there is not a single short story contained in this issue, and there are no essays worthy of the name. The few sketches are very personal and rather undignified; they are much more suitable for local hits in a college annual than for sketches in a literary publication such as a magazine should be.

The poetry, if it can be dignified by that name, is uniformerly poor. The metre and rhyme scheme are wrong in almost every case. For example, the last verse of "The Blessing of a Smile" is absurdly out of harmony:

"Give a smile, my friend; give a smile—
It becometh like a kingly crown;
It will bless you like the sunshine,
It will keep you all the time;
Give a smile, oh, friend; do not frown."

On the whole, this magazine measures up only to a low standard.

THE VASSAR MISCELLANY

In the March issue of *The Vassar Miscellany,* "The North" is one of the best short stories that we have yet seen in any college magazine. It is not a very powerful story, nor a very original one, but it is a splendid character study, and it is with a great feeling of relief that we find one story that is less interested in plot and swift action, and more interested in the inner consciousness of a man, in the mind and the soul. It is the story of a dreamer, a strange, quiet man, who finds his own in the great North country; and as we read the story we can feel, as the dreamer himself said, "the cold, lovely, white soul of the North," the coldness, the vastness, the isolated beauty of it all.

Y. W. C. A.

We are publishing the following letters to let you know how some of the money which you contribute monthly is being used:

419 Cathedral Parkway,
New York City, November 23, 1913.

Dear Sweet Briar: Not long ago I met a doctor who is surely a most unusual man. Some of you may know him, since he graduated from the University of Virginia with high honors and was professor in the Richmond Medical College. He is unusual in two especial ways, first that he was a licensed physician when nineteen years old, and next that some time later, when he was well established, he heard an appeal in his medical fraternity for an American doctor to go to Japan to take charge of a little one-horse, unpromising hospital, and he went. He found an unspeakable wooden building with rusty beds and almost no equipment. An auction seemed inevitable, and the whole establishment was sold for twenty-five dollars. Then starting fresh, with what help the Board of Missions could send and a few interested natives could give, he started the present St. Luke's Hospital in Tokio. Dr. Teusler is making about $25,000 a year now by his private practice, all of which he gives to support the hospital, and accepts for himself only the salary of the Board of Missions. His wish now is to make St. Luke's an international hospital. The Japanese government has contributed generously to this work.

The pamphlet I enclose tells better than I can just what the plan is. If you are thinking of traveling in Japan you must consider this for your own personal benefit. An English woman traveling in Tokio announced that she didn't believe in Foreign Missions. While in the city she was taken with acute appendicitis, and St. Luke's was the only place to take her. The efficient treatment and the atmosphere of the place made her decide that she did believe in Foreign Missions, and she made a large gift as a proof of her sincerity. Surely

you don't need an attack of appendicitis to stir your interest in such a broadly human cause. Duly remember that "inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these sick sufferers ye have done it unto Him."

I have agreed to help collect $100,000 for this cause. I can't give it myself, but am gladly giving my time to the study of medicine, so that I can go myself to help heal the sick that are still uncared for. Believe me to be

Very lovingly yours,

MARGARETHA A. RIBBLE.

We sent fifty dollars in answer to this appeal, and received the following letter:

419 CATHEDRAL PARKWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR GIRLS: I hardly feel that it is my place to thank you for your perfectly splendid gift. You must all have felt, long before this reaches you, that indescribable joy that comes from being generous to a great need; so I think that better than I, or even Dr. Teusler, the Great Physician will and has thanked you, inasmuch as He was sick and you came to Him.

With a greal deal of love, believe me, as ever,

MARGARETHA A. RIBBLE.

In regard to the cot in China which Sweet Briar supports, we have this letter from Sue Slaughter:

547 WARREN CRESCENT,
NORFOLK, VA., January 18, 1914.

DEAR GIRLS: Here is a letter from my sister with reference to the Sweet Briar cot which I thought you would like to see. Perhaps you remember that in answer to our letter and check for the cot Dr. Lee wrote us that the occupant of the cot was to be a little boy with a tubercular shoulder; so evidently he has been there a long time, and I hope he has become a Christian as well as a healthy little boy.

This is a part of the letter from China which was enclosed:

"One day not long ago I went into the hospital and found a small friend of mine quite wan and spent with tears. The cause of his grief was that he was cured and had to go home! He was for months the occupant of the Sweet Briar cot, and you can see that he enjoyed it. He was a dear little boy, and I liked him better than any child that has ever been in the hospital. He had a tubercular shoulder joint."

THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER CONVENTION

By G. C. McKown

Princeton University

This paper won the twenty-five-dollar prize offered by The North American Student for the best 1,000-word "story" of the Volunteer Convention, written by one of the college journalists present at the conference of college editors during the Convention held in Kansas City, December 31st, 1913, to January 4th, 1914. Dr. Talcott Williams, Director of the School of Journalism, Columbia University, very generously acted as judge in the contest.—Editor.

Five thousand delegates from institutions of learning in the United States and Canada gathered at Kansas City for a Convention lasting from December 31 to January 4, in the interests of the Student Volunteer Movement. The gathering stood out as a living testimonial to the power of Christianity which was strong enough to draw these young people away from the good times at their homes during the holiday to "this mount of inspiration," as the meeting was often characterized in the addresses.

In addition to being a source of religious inspiration the Convention in its effects showed that the age of miracles has not passed. Delegates there saw with their own eyes conversions of young men and women who had much to give and who, under the power of the dominant note of the whole

period,—"the evangelization of the world in this generation," which is the motto of the Student Volunteer Movement, gave it up willingly. The work was done quietly and without undue emotion. The array of speakers included the best in the country,—all men with a message. The emphasis was, of course, put on the need of men and women,—volunteers,—in the foreign field; but the need at home, in Christian work and in the various professions, was not overlooked. The aim of the whole meeting was, first of all, to get the Christian's outlook.

Dr. John R. Mott presided over the public meetings, and also made two of the public addresses. Dr. Robert E. Speer, the associate with Dr. Mott in the Volunteer Student Movement in America, was one of the leaders, and among the other speakers were Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan, Dr. S. M. Zwemer (who came all the way from Egypt expressly to present the needs of the Moslem World to the Convention), Dr. Sherwood Eddy, an associate with Dr. Mott in the trip around the world in the interest of Missions made during the past year. Public meetings occupied the morning and evening hours, while the afternoons were given over to sectional and denominational conferences.

In actual results the informal, the personal, and delegation meetings held at times convenient for those interested, accomplished the most. It was here that the power of God in transforming lives made itself visible in unmistakable manner.

In one group from one of the larger Eastern Universities there was a young student who came to the final delegation meeting of the period, held on Sunday night following the big meeting. His impression of the Convention and its power had not been favorable. He owned to being impressed by the "bigness" of the thing, but his own soul had failed to get its inspiration. He confessed to the need of

men in the foreign fields, he saw the immediate character of the demand, but for him it had stopped there. The link connecting *him* with this need had not appeared. He came into this delegation meeting half discouraged. It came his turn to speak,—to tell frankly and plainly just what the Convention had meant to him. There was a hesitating pause,—and then these simple sentences:

"Fellows, I don't know what's the matter with me; haven't had tears in my eyes for ten years—not since one of my very dear friends died. But I can't keep them back to-night. I am all at sea. I want you to pray for me and with me. I am going to pray now and I want you to help me."

He dropped to his knees, and prayed in broken sentences to a God which lifted him up later a changed man,—with his outlook cleared completely.

At one of the luncheons, given jointly by two of the delegations, the subject under discussion in the after-dinner speeches was "Why I Volunteered to go to the Foreign Field." There sat by the side of the chairman a young man from the East who had signed a "volunteer" card that morning, but his signature had failed to produce in him any enthusiasm. While the speeches were in progress this man leaned over and asked the chairman if he might speak. When he arose—as he expressed it afterwards,—he "knew positively that I was not speaking, but that it was some one speaking through me." This man had given up a future which promised him medical study abroad for three years and a New York practice, had given up a big fortune which until that time he had planned to use for his own pleasure, and had set his will up against the will of his parents, who were very much opposed to his devoting his life to work in foreign missions.

Instances of this sort are being told by all the delegates to the Convention. Christianity did not win in every case,

however. There was a young Jew,—an orthodox Hebrew,—from an Eastern university also who went to the Convention with a complete understanding of what the appeal was to be. He went at the request of the Christian Society leader of his university to test out his Jewish faith and measure it with Christianity. He stuck it out for four days. He roomed with one of the strongest young Christian Volunteers, and the latter told after the young Jew had gone that some of the sessions which they had had together in the privacy of their room after the others had gone to sleep were harrowing in their intensity. On Sunday morning the young Hebrew left quietly for home. He left a message for his fellows to this effect,—that he had given Christianity an honest and a fair trial; that he could agree with Christianity in all but one particular,—he could not accept the belief that Christ was the Son of God in body. On Saturday he had wired his family in the East,—"I have fought and I have won." In a spirit of prayer his fellows in the delegation thanked God that that young man had gone to Kansas City, and they returned to their alma mater with unstinted admiration and fellowship for him.

The atmosphere about the Convention was charged with the spirit and influence of "Service." The leaders requested the delegates to keep the "Morning Watch Hour,"—a short time devoted to prayer and quiet communion. With this introduction of devotion the whole proceedings were in tune. The visible effects in their quantity were not startling, but the more quiet, although not less powerful in the lives which they touched, personal results are certain to be left in the universities to which these thousands of delegates returned, and through them later on in the Christianization of the World.

Dramatics

"THE AMAZONS"

On December 13, 1913, the Merry Jesters gave "The Amazons," by Sir Arthur Pinero. This was rather an ambitious attempt for amateurs, but the event proved that Sweet Briar could produce actors—or actresses, rather—quite equal to the task.

The three ladies Belturbet, brought up as sons, have a hard time convincing their mother that they are tired of manly garb and ways, and that the Earl of Tweenways, the Count de Jovial, and Viscount Litterly are quite eligible young men. Jane Tyler, in the part of Thomasin, or "Tommy," Billie Burke's rôle in this play, proved that she is equally as valuable a member of the Merry Jesters as Mary Tyler, of past dramatic fame. Ruth Maurice, as Noeline, and Nancy Munce, as Wilhelmina, were quite as good. The farcical possibilities in the characters of Tweenways, who makes one think of Bob Acres, and the proverb-*mis*quoting Frenchman, were well brought out by Ruth McIlravy and Eudalia White. Ellen Hayes looked and played the lazy young Englishman to perfection. Dorothy Lydecker's interpretation of the eccentric Lady Castlejordan was also quite adequate. The minor characters showed nothing deserving a special mention.

"LE MONDE OU L'ON S'ENNUIE"

The French department gave "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie" on March 2, 1914. The cast was quite large, Dorothy Grammer, Jane Tyler, Ruth Maurice, Jane Henderson, Dorothy Lydecker, Margaret Grant, Edith Christie, and Louise Bennett taking the principal parts. The audience seemed to

enjoy the play very much, in spite of the difficulties of a foreign language, for the action is well sustained throughout this play, which we have all read at some time during our French course. The performance was indeed excellent, and well worth the time and trouble put on it by Mr. Worthington, Miss Bartlett, and the members of the cast.

"PURPLE AND FINE LINEN"

On March 8, the Freshmen gave "Purple and Fine Linen," an appealing story of the time of New England's Puritan colonies, when sumptuary laws were strict, and a girl could not romp with her little brother without being deemed frivolous and unmaidenly. What would the Deacon have thought of us here at Sweet Briar, I wonder? The play was made by Martha Darden, whom the rôle of Betty suited exactly, and by Miss Stevenson, who took the part of John Belden with great intensity and feeling. Dorothy Grammer, as the Deacon, and Floy Huntley, as the judge, also acted well.

Athletics

Athletically speaking, basket-ball is holding its own nobly; and this, moreover, with some competition. The snow which fell upon three different occasions and the ground, presented the first opportunity for sliding. Few were slow in seizing this first opportunity, and the hill between the college and the apartment houses was soon "made hideous by the howls" of countless red-nosed, blue-fingered, snow enthusiasts, whose chief intent it appeared was to break the record of their predecessors down the incline. Then, on one memorable day, the seventeenth of February to be exact, the ice on the lake was declared to be thick enough for skating. Fortunately no one proved that it wasn't thick enough, but several testified that it was rather too slushy for brilliant executions of figure eights and spiral loops.

But in the face of these detractions from the gymnasium and attractions in the open, several intensely exciting (and some that weren't so exciting) basket-ball games have been played.

On February 12, the College team played the Special team, narrowly defeating it by a score of 18 to 16.

Two days later the Freshmen played the Senior-Sophomore team, the latter team being victorious with a score of 11 to 6.

The twenty-first of February another Special-College game was played, in which the Specials won over the College by a score of 19 to 18.

The Junior-Freshman team played the Senior-Sophomore on the twenty-third. The score was 31 to 7 in favor of the Senior-Sophomores.

In addition to the above-mentioned games there have been several dormitory contests, which have inspired a great deal of enthusiasm, exhibited chiefly by clanking chafing

dishes and shrill screams. In these contests the superiority of Carson, Grammer, and Gray have been clearly if sadly demonstrated.

As yet the date on which Field Day is to be held has not been announced, but it will probably be shortly after the Easter vacation. "Anticipatory" jumping is already being practised in the gymnasium. It might not be amiss to mention here that those to whom any one of the faculty has awarded a "D" will not be able to participate in the exercises.

The management also wishes another announcement to be made which, though often made before, is just as often disregarded: "The oars are expected to be placed blade end up on the steps after being removed from the boats." Those who are criminally negligent in this regard will be sued accordingly.

College Topics

Miss Gascoigne's Fancy Dancing Class met for the first time on January 13, and the large attendance was an indication of its popularity.

One of the most successful entertainments of the year was a minstrel show and melodrama given by the Athletic Association. Rachael Forbush, interlocutor, sprang several good jokes as well as some of our favorites, and singing and dancing by the ends, Ruth Maurice and Jim Hayes, was clever. Then followed a song by Amazetta Northcott and Ruth Watkins, and a dance by Jim and Punchy Storey. The closing feature was a clever burlesque of melodrama, "According to Hoyle," in which the unities and other regulations were so well observed that the suspense of the audience was pitiful.

Miss Young has been giving a series of illustrated lectures on musical subjects this winter. On December 6, she explained some of the intricacies of "Polyphonic Music." "The Sonata" was given on January 19, and "Romantic Music" on February 16. During the spring an evening will be devoted to opera.

Midyears—"The Melancholy Days" between January 27 and 31.

We have been voting right and left lately, with these results: Ruth Maurice, May Queen; Harriet Evans for our next President of Student Government; Anna Schutte, President of Y. W. C. A.; President of Athletics, Zalinda Brown; Rachael Forbush, President of Dramatics.

The patriotic people who celebrated Lincoln's birthday seem to be very much attached to Sweet Briar ever since February 12!

We were very much pleased to welcome Deaconess Goodwin on her annual visit at February 15, and her two talks were deeply appreciated—"The Kingdom and the King" and a short discussion of "Lenten Ideals" at Y. W. C. A.

On February 22, a tablet was placed under the Della Robbia frieze in the chapel in memory of Mary Allen, of Texas, who died at Sweet Briar on that day in 1911, and Mr. Manson read the memorial service in the evening.

"Conférences et des Conférenciers" was the title of a French lecture by M. Morize, of Paris, on February 26. By close observation of his facial expression most of us could foresee a joke, and it gave us no little satisfaction to discover that we had laughed at the proper time.

Sweet Briar was more than fortunate in being able to hear Wilhelm Bachaus, of Leipzig, on February 28. The program was peculiarly interesting, ranging from Scarlatti to Brahms, and gave the artist ample opportunity to display his faultless technique and interpretation. The last number, Liszt's "Second Hungarian Rhapsodie," was the climax of the evening, and Herr Bachaus was warmly applauded.

"Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie" of Pailleron was presented by the French Department on March 2 and was, at least, "très chic."

The Sophomore class proved itself a very efficient publicity agent for the Freshman play "Purple and Fine Linen," given on March 7, but their methods were hardly consistent with the character of the play. Dr. Stevenson's début as John Belden, the hero, was most happy.

News From Old Girls

On March 18th Bessie Carothers was married to Mr. Roy Coleman Whayne.

On February 14th Kinney Bell was married to Mr. Randolph Valtz.

The marriage of Mildred Montgomery to Mr. Frederick Roche Hooker has been announced.

On the twenty-sixth of March Kathryn Thompson was married to Mr. Joseph Stanley Mather.

Marjorie Camper was married to Mr. Chester Prince on April 25th.

On April 15th Anna Barley was married to Mr. William Frazier Baldwin.

On April 18th Mary Brooke was married to Mr. James Benton Grant.*

On March 23rd was born Marguerite Drew Groover, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Overton Groover.

Frances Matson has gone abroad to travel for a year.

*Editor's Note—Will the Old Girls kindly do something besides getting married so that this column will not resemble the results of a matrimonial agency?

Sense and Nonsense

ESSAY ON THE EASTER BONNET

Let us now contemplate the Easter bonnet, first in regard to its external appearance, and secondly in regard to its internal significance and influence upon the manners and morals of American life. To the admiring, care-free eye of the masculine observer it is a little bunch of straw, more or less carefully modeled, ornamented, and ballasted by portions of a flock of birds (all dead and most of them stuffed), by fruit trees of various varieties plus the fruit which they would bear if they weren't mere imitations, by permanently fresh and apparently blooming flowers (all fake), or by strips of fur from ill-fated domestic pets (also dead, let us hope). Oh, *pomme de terre* and *paté de fois gras* do these Easter chapeaux appear with their flowers, fruit, ribbons, and fur—but how absurdly inconsistent they are! The more one pays the less one gets and, vice-versely, the less one pays the more one gets. Thus, one infinitesimal hat adorned with just one simple aigrette counterbalanced by one microscopic buckle is not to be purchased for less than five hundred dollars (*is* this an exaggeration?), while on the other counter, a goodly bonnet, the brim of which measures at least seventy-five inches, laden with several hydrangea bushes, twin pigeons, as well as half a dozen oranges, pears, tomatoes, or grape fruit bears the proud sign *69c.* Such is the Easter bonnet as it externally appears to the unconcerned masculine onlooker and to the much concerned feminine purchaser.

Its internal significance is much deeper, however, far deeper than meets even the analytic eye at first sight, for upon the timely arrival of the Easter bonnet depends the size of the congregation at divine services on Easter Sunday; upon the size of the congregation at divine services

on Easter Sunday depends the size of the collection taken; upon the size of the collection taken depends, perchance, the maintenance of a cot in a hospital in distant China. It is therefore plainly to be seen that if Mrs. Smith's new hat doesn't arrive in time to ornament Mrs. Smith's shapely head in church on Easter Sunday, some poor heathen Chinese boy, suffering from measles, hay-fever, or even mumps, will be ejected from the sheltering arms of the hospital and will be left to die by the cold wayside (some of my friends have *heard* of such as case as this). Is it not worse than murder? Brrh!

But this is not the only form of murder which the Easter bonnet has been traced as the direct cause. Wholesale butchery and the complete annihilation of entire families have *often* resulted from the heinous practice of wearing new hats at the happy, peaceful Eastertide. Mrs. Smith purchases from her French milliner a hat which he, with deprecating French gestures, affirms is unequalled and unparalleled through the breadth of the land for beauty, charm, and "becomingness." In the face of these affirmations, who can adequately portray our heroine's pique and anger upon ascertaining that her neighbor, Mrs. Brown, has duplicated her new French chapeau, feather for feather, buckle for buckle, and apple for apple! Is it surprising that, upon such a provocation, she should hire trained assassins to murder Mrs. Brown and all Mrs. Brown's equally guilty relatives as well as the perjured French milliner and all his perjured French relatives? (I myself have known of such an instance—this with pardonable pride, I hope.)

But murder is not alone attributable to the Easter bonnet—divorce and all the horrors attendant upon divorce proceedings are a logical outcome of it. When Mr. Smith, the hitherto unmentioned husband of Mrs. Smith, is presented with a bill for $250 for his wife's newly purchased hat, he

immediately consults his lawyer as to the easiest means of disposing of that bill. What is more in accordance with the dictates of human reason and with a desire for a large fee than that the lawyer, thus consulted, should counsel separation and divorce? (Such a case occurred in my only family, I believe.)

In the face, then, of the fact that the Easter bonnet causes divorce, instigates murder, causes bloodshed, wholesale butcheries, and will inevitably lead to war in the future, why not all join hands and with loud acclaim shout, "Down with the Easter bonnet!"

A SWEET BRIAR SONNET SEQUENCE

Compose a sonnet? What could be the theme
Which Dr. Jones, on reading, would not scorn
And fling with mighty wrath, in bits all torn,
Into the basket, where a very ream
Of worse attempts are trying hard to dream
That they are full-fledged sonnets, nobly born
In clever brains, and likely to adorn
Those book shelves where now Wordsworth reigns supreme?

What idle fancy can be well portrayed,
What vagary can drip from off my pen,
What subject can I possibly suggest
Which will not soon appear both worn and frayed,
Which will so charm that he will pause, and then
Declare my sonnet is the very best?

May Foster.

TO MY ROOMMATE WHO TALKS IN HER SLEEP

Last night, when in my little bed I lay,
Thinking of all the work that I must do,
Of essays I must write, and sonnets, too,
I started, for I heard my roommate say:
"I do not like your actions." In dismay
I asked her why, but, with no more ado,
She further spoke, and said, "Yes, it is true,
I do not love you"; then she turned away.
I thought her sane, though she did seem to rave,
I asked her what it was that made her choke—
If she had fought, I hoped that she forgave;
I asked her then if this was not a joke.
"Oh, be a man," she said, in accents grave,
And then I knew 'twas in her dreams she spoke.

ELIZABETH SPAHR.

THE NIGHT BEFORE ENGLISH EXAMINATIONS

'Tis Monday night, and I am sore depressed;
To-morrow morn I needs must meet my doom;
To-night I lie in terror and unrest;
The Canterbury Pilgrims throng my room;
And ere they leave, a bloody brawl I see:
Sir Patrick Spens is hacking Grendel's arm;
Fair Barbara Allen begs on bended knee
That Wooley come and save her from all harm.
A paragraph need not have unity,
If written in the old Spenserian style;
A comma at the end should always be—
We hope that they will learn this after while.
I groan, and rise, Grendel myself to slay;
Alas! Too late, for it is now Tuesday.

MARIANA MCKEE.

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Treasurer and Business Manager.....William B. Dew

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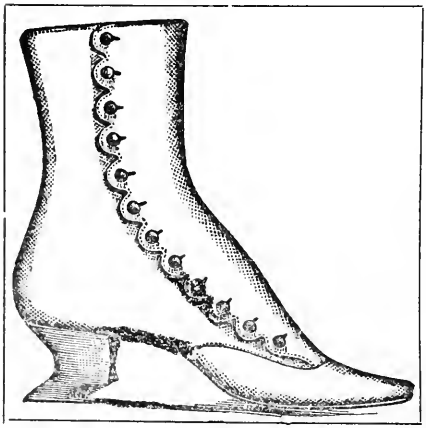

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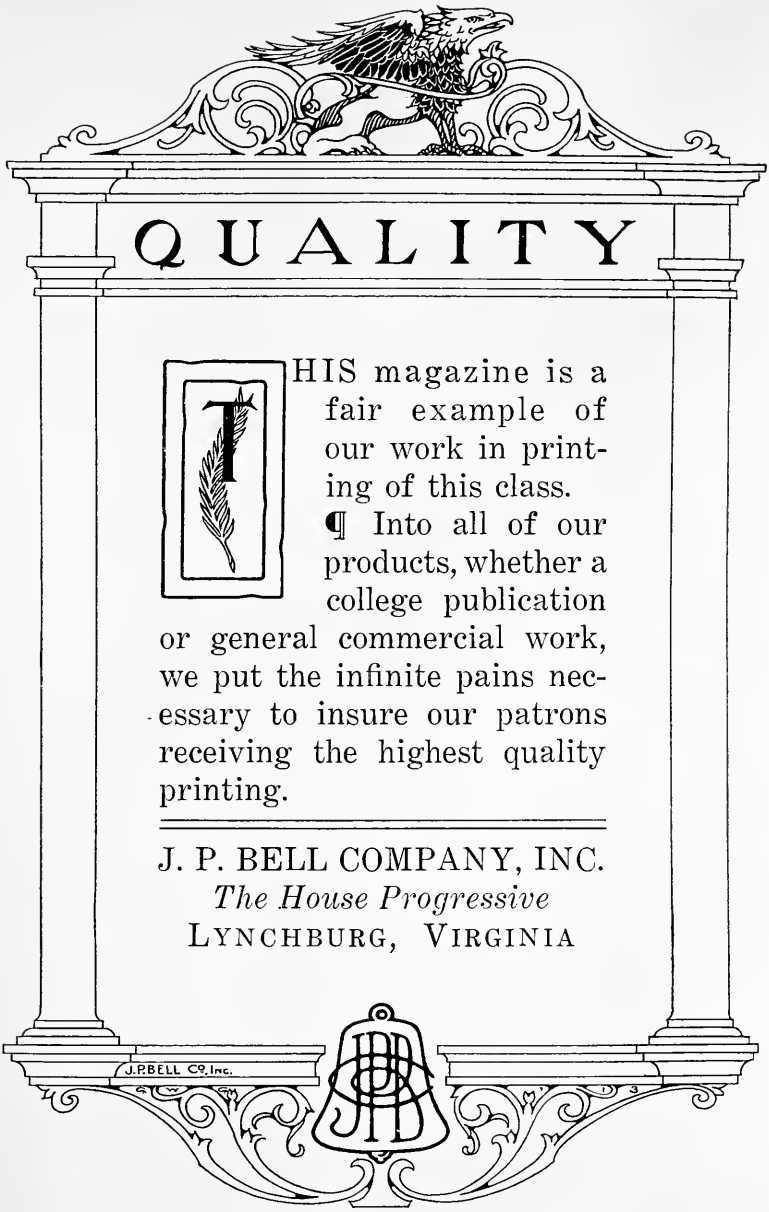
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THE SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE, which is conducted by the student body of Sweet Briar College, is at present published quarterly.

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The above is the statement of The Sweet Briar Magazine Staff as sworn to before Notary Public, October 29, 1913, in compliance with the postal regulations of October 24, 1912.

My Cabin

A little cabin overgrown with vines,
Enclosed by trees with leaves that softly blow;
The air is fragrant with the breath of pines,
Their branches summer winds wave to and fro.
It is a Southern evening, and the time
When all the world is quiet and at peace,
And thoughts of men turn back in every clime
To home, where toils and wanderings must cease.
To you, it is an old, abandoned place;
To me, a spot of beauty and delight,
Where toils and cares and sorrows flee apace,
For here it is that I come home at night.
And what I love the best of this world's goods
Is just my little cabin in the woods.

Eleanor Pinkerton.

Sweet Briar Lake in Springtime

When Springtime, with her mighty flood of rain,
Fills up the lake-cup till the rim o'erspills,
And prisoned waters, dyed with red-earth stain,
Burst through the binding wall in eager rills,
Then over jagged rocks the waters roam,
Or fall in long cascades to depths below—
Loose-twisted strands of saffron, tipped with foam,
A spiral column, carved from topaz. So,
Like liquid amber dripping through the rocks,
Where stony fingers let the waters fall,
Or hanging, like some Titian lady's locks
That tumble, curl-tipped, from the ribbon's thrall,
It falls in glory, splashes into spray,
Then, as a mountain brooklet, glides away.

CLARE SHENEHON.

A Greeting to the Queen of May

Soft dryads slip on garbs of tender green
In yonder wood or braid their fern-like hair,
As, peeping through the dogwood blossoms fair,
They shyly wait the coming of their queen.
Oh, Queen of May, of morning, and of spring,
Glad sunshine greets thy coronation day;
The fair flowers bend beneath thy gentle sway,
And woodland thrush and lark thy welcome sing.
Wild iris blooms half hidden in the wood,
And, in the gardens old, white lilies blow,
But both will gladly leave the place they stood
To faint and die before thy throne, I know.
Oh, come, thy jonquil, violet, daisy, rose,
Await thy crowning where the boxwood grows.

HELEN DUKE.

Rousseau and the Romantic School in England

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, who lived and wrote about the middle of the eighteenth century, did more, perhaps, than any other one man to determine the character of French literature in the early part of the nineteenth century. His doctrines were very startling and revolutionary for the period of polished and formal intellectuality in which he lived, and formed the basis of the often too exotic subjectivity of the succeeding age.

Let us consider what these doctrines were. The fundamental idea of Rousseau's philosophy, if philosophy it can be called, was the antithesis of nature and civilization. He held it as axiomatic that things pertaining to the former were good, and the products of the latter were bad, and therefore a return to nature was the only way to escape from the evil bonds of society. By this "return to nature," Rousseau did not mean an entire abandonment of science, art, and all the results of the intellectual progress the world has made since its barbaric state. He wished to strip life clean of all the conventions, formalities, and follies which hide the fundamental realities; to set aside standards of conduct which are authorized only by convention, and to base character and actions upon universal laws of nature. He burned to destroy that curious illusion which causes men to have a stupid admiration for the means and instruments of their oppression and misery. He believed that the essential evil of society is its inequality, by which some are oppressors and some slaves, some blessed with all the good things of life, and others poor and unhappy. In *Le Contrat Social,* Rousseau formulates his ideas about government. He believed in an ideal state, held together by a contract entered into by each member of the body. By this agreement each man renounces

his individual liberty and submits his will to the will of all. Thus, every one remaining equal, the good of all is procured, and although each man is a subject individually, yet collectively he rules. In *La Nouvelle Héloïse,* besides teaching a system of practical morality, Rousseau expresses ideas regarding nature which were new to his century. He was the first to realize the relation between nature and the soul of man, and to feel the presence of God in the beauties of natural scenery. In his system of government, also, God was a necessary element, as the Supreme Being who should be the source of moral energy and the support of the will, thus making man's nature good.

Of course, a scheme of things such as Rousseau advocated was practically impossible, a fact which was realized by Rousseau himself. He was only constructing an absolute ideal, and was dreaming of things as they ought to be, not working out a possible government. Society had treated him very harshly, and his life was far from happy, although he certainly carried out in practice his ideas about personal freedom.

As the greatest advocate of new ideas concerning the individual and society, Rousseau's influence was exceedingly great, not only in France, but also in Italy, Germany, and England. Wordsworth cannot strictly be said to have been influenced by him, because the English poet's theories were original entirely, and, so far as we know, Rousseau's writings did not form a part of Wordsworth's rather meagre library. Yet many things about the two men are strikingly alike. The central doctrine of each, for instance, is that of the presence of a soul in nature which can respond to man's every need. Wordsworth's pantheistic, or rather deistic, idea of a God in nature is, however, much more subtle than that of Rousseau. Wordsworth, when he looked at nature, saw beyond her external features to dim mysteries, unfathomable

depths, and ideal beauties. Rousseau saw a clear image of God at work among his creations. Both men were of somewhat plebeian origin, and looked with dislike upon luxury and the life of great cities. Wordsworth had great faith in the inherent goodness of man, and a profound conviction of the importance of man as an individual, no matter what his rank might be; in these respects also, he resembled Rousseau.

Upon Byron, that great exponent of the "ego," the influence of Rousseau is more directly traceable. In *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,* Byron praises Rousseau as a great apostle of nature, and many of Byron's letters contain passages praising him in the highest terms. The life of Byron, like that of Rousseau, was one long series of follies and misfortunes, and both felt a wild revolt against that society which had treated them so unfairly. The influence of Rousseau upon Byron is seen in the intense individuality of the man, in his hatred of restraint, and his belief that man has a right to be free, and if left to himself will be kept in the right path by his natural impulses. These two men are kindred spirits, and in spite of their egotism and the many unpleasant features of their lives, one feels a certain sympathy with them in their rebellion against conventionality and formality.

Shelley, in *Prometheus Unbound,* gives poetical expression to many of the ideas embodied in Rousseau's *Contrat Social.* Shelley's golden age of mankind, when society was to be less complex and perplexing than before, and man's natural impulses would have a chance to expand and to direct his actions, is essentially the same Utopia as that devised by Rousseau. The Rousseauistic influence came to Shelley indirectly through Godwin's *Political Justice,* a book which was directly inspired by Rousseau. Godwin and Shelley differed from Rousseau in one respect. They believed, not in the retrogression of humanity to a less civilized state, but

in an expansion and progression of the human mind. Rousseau and Shelley also differed, in that Rousseau realized the impracticability of his scheme, while Shelley's idealistic nature refused to admit that his golden age of "beneficent anarchy" was an impossible chimera.

Other romantic writers were influenced by Rousseau's ideas to a greater or less degree. It remained, however, for George Eliot to express the nature of this great French writer's influence upon the world at large: "Rousseau affected me strongly, not by teaching me any new belief, but simply because the mighty rushing wind of his inspiration has so quickened my faculties that I have been able to shape more definitely for myself ideas which had previously dwelt as dim 'ahnungen' in my soul."

E. Howison, '16.

The Funeral

"OH, look Jane! There comes a 'deader'!" cried Freddie, excitedly.

"Oh, an' it's a long one, too! I'll bet he must 'a' been a policerman, a dog-catcher, or somethin' 'stoundin' like that, 'cause they's so many carriages. Let's see what kind-a flowers they is. Come on," and Jane raced down the lawn to the picket fence.

Two excited little children climbed upon the two gateposts and sat eagerly watching the slowly approaching funeral procession.

"An, it's a white un'. I jest wisht it was a nigger, 'cause they's as good for you as to wear a rabbit's foot," Freddie remarked as the hearse drove past him.

"Well, if you ain't the ungratefulest boy, Freddie Jones! Why, mamma give us some cake to-day, and she promised me that feather-duster, and now a sure-enough 'deader'! An' you still fussin'. Oh, Freddie"—Jane clasped her hands delightedly—"jest you listen at that mownin'. Ain't it jest grand?"

"Oh, it's swell! Lots better 'an the last one. An', Jane, look—there's one beatin' her head. I'll bet she's went batty, like old colored Annie did," Freddie had entered enthusiastically into the joy of the occasion.

"Aw, there's a little girl not much bigger 'an me." Jane pointed an envious finger at the approaching carriage. "Don't you wisht we could go."

"We can't, though," Freddie said sadly, "'cause we'd catch it if we leave home, and, anyway, Sallie says if you go to a funeral when you ain't invited, the spirit'll ha'nt you."

"No, I know we can't go, but this 'un sure was a peach," Jane remarked, appreciatively, as the last carriage rolled out of sight. "I wisht we could have one ourselves. They don't nothin' of ourn ever die. I wisht we could find a robin or a cat or——"

"Say," Freddie blurted out, excitedly, "they sometimes bury people alive! Well, they do," he asserted defiantly, as he saw the disbelief in Jane's eyes. "Sallie told me so. She said they was a-lettin' down her brother-in-law into the ground, and the corpse riz up and said, 'Let me down easy, boys!' She said she knew they jest nailed him in there 'cause he was sick and warn't no good. She 'lowed as how she wanted me to hol' a candle to her big toe after she was dead, and if it raised a blister she warn't dead."

"Well, Freddie, you silly, that ain't helpin' a-tall," Jane said disgustedly; "I ain't agoin' to be buried alive, and you're so scart of the dark——"

"I know it, but if we could jest find somethin' nobody wanted — Oh, Jane!" — inspiration had seized Freddie — "Papa said he wisht somethin' would happen to Nancy Kelly's dog——"

"Oh, that's just grand!" Jane did not give him time to finish his sentence. "And the sand pile'll be the burying ground——"

"An' I'm the preacher," Freddie claimed.

"I'm chief mourner."

"An' Betty and Dorothy can be ball bearers."

The children had scrambled down from the posts and, racing across the yard, were in mad pursuit of their sworn enemy, the petted, pampered little poodle of the rich lady next door. Betty and Dorothy, who were watching the sport from their doorstep, soon joined them. By the combined efforts of the four active little children, Pet was finally cap-

tured, and the children returned in triumph to their own back yard.

"Now, you get that box out of the woodshed, Betty," commanded Freddie, who was master of ceremonies. "Dorothy, you hold Pet whilst I go and get papa's big hat what he wears to shows. Jane, you've got-a get somethin' black."

"Oh, I know! Mama's got some grand mosquito nettin' she wears over her face when she goes callin'," and Jane and Freddie rushed off to secure their necessary paraphernalia."

It was a funny little procession that soon took its stand near the shallow hole which had been dug in the sand pile. Freddie, with his father's tall silk hat fitted down around his ears, was endeavoring to look very solemn and impressive. Jane, with her mother's veil draped carefully around her brown curls, was weeping copiously. Betty and Dorothy, struggling under the combined difficulties of carrying the heavy box and of keeping Pet confined there against his will, were already tiring of the play. But their enthusiasm rose again at a bound when Freddie announced in a deep and impressive voice:

"Sistern and brethren, we will now sing the fourth song, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' Let everybody sing."

The sound of these strong young voices reached even mother, and she paused in the midst of her morning's work to smile sweetly and murmur, "The dear children are playing Sunday School."

The last note of the hymn had scarcely died away before Freddie asked in his most theatrical tones: "Does any one know why Pet should not be mar—er—that is, Pet should not be buried? Speak now or forever afterwards hold your peace."

Every one kept a discreet silence.

"Then let her down easy, boys," he commanded, and as the box struck the bottom of the hole, he picked up a handful of sand and, sprinkling it upon the box, he said in his most impressive voice:

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
If God won't have you, the devil must."

Pet, however, had become tired of this strange treatment, and with one struggle he lifted the lid of the box and cleared the hole with a bound. At the same instant that Pet escaped the hand of Death, his devoted mistress rounded the corner of the house. She was carrying a covered plate in her hand and was bent upon paying mother a neighborly call. But when she saw Pet racing towards her and the children in close pursuit, she took in the whole situation at a glance. Smash! went the plate, down she swooped; she gathered Pet into her fond embrace and marched haughtily out of that iniquitous yard.

Several days afterwards mama remarked to papa:

"Miss Kelly actually cut me on the street to-day! She has been acting so queer lately, ever since last Friday. I can't imagine what the trouble is. I questioned the children closely, but they told me that they only played funeral last Friday, and I'm sure that's innocent enough." She smiled fondly. "There's another strange thing, too. I found one of her plates broken on the sidewalk, but Sallie told me she knows nothing about it," and mama shook her head thoughtfully.

So, to this day, Miss Kelly's coolness remains unexplained, nor can the mystery of the broken plate be solved.

Jessie Williams.

Hung-Hsiang

AN icy wave broke over Herrick's foot as he lay there in the dusk. He opened his vacant eyes. Everything was black; everything soundless. The water again touched his foot. He tried to move, but stopped with a sinking, sickening feeling. Why should he move? He wanted rest, quiet, solitude. His hand fell on the sand. Where was he? How had he come to this place? He raised his hand, and the sand particles filtered through his loosely clasped fingers. A wave broke over his foot with a low, swishing sound. Gradually he remembered. He saw again the sunny afternoon, the queer little Chinese boat, launched for him by some coolies. He remembered his trip across the bay and out on the strange Chinese sea; the clouds, the wind, the waves, the capsizing of his frail boat, and his exhausting struggle in the icy water.

He opened his eyes again. What was that far off on the horizon? A star? No, it was too red and uncertain for a star. It must be a light. Perhaps there was some one there at that light. He must go to it. Herrick tried to rise, but sank back weakly. No, he would not go. He could not. He was tired; he wanted to rest, to be quiet. But there must be some one at that light to help him. He shivered. He must go. It meant life to him.

Herrick sat up and looked at the light again. What was that dark speck passing before the light? He gave a dull, little laugh. "Seeing things," he mumbled.

No, it was a tiny, weird figure. It danced, it jumped, it bowed. He must go to the light. He peered into the oppressing dark, and began to creep. The distance was not so great as Herrick at first imagined it to be, but it was far enough for an exhausted, half-drowned man to drag himself.

About one hundred yards from his destination, Herrick was forced to rest. What a dreary tract of country this Chinese beach was! He gazed at the light again. It was a bonfire, near which was the little figure—a child, a Chinese child undoubtedly, judging by its long cue. There were some trees, too, and a building.

Herrick drew nearer. He could see the house plainly now, and, much to his surprise, he saw it was, unlike nearly all other houses in the far East, an English house. As he looked, a tall young woman came out of the door. The Chinese child immediately threw himself prostrate on the ground before her and made several low salaams.

"Do get up, Hung-Hsiang," said a truly English voice. "You know I'd rather watch you dance." The child drew back and circled around the fire several times.

Herrick, feeling somewhat stronger now than when he had first opened his eyes on the shore, advanced slowly towards the house. He walked up to the low, broad porch, and was hardly noticed by the young woman, who believed him to be one of the servants.

"I beg your pardon—I heard you speak a moment ago? You are English?" said Herrick in a curious, husky voice.

The girl started.

"Yes. But you? From where have you come? You look rather——"

"Who's out there, Amy?" asked a deep voice, and almost immediately there appeared in the doorway a tall, dignified man. He was heavily built, and had great quantities of white hair that fell back from his high forehead. The quick eye of the newcomer took in the whole situation in an instant.

Herrick soon found himself comfortably seated before a fire, the guest of Mr. Thomas Kent and his daughter, Amy. He told them of his unfortunate accident in the sudden gale

that afternoon, and explained to them his interest in research work at Yamêus, China.

Miss Kent was extremely interested, and wanted to know all about his work. She told him that Yamêus was not more than a quarter of a mile across the bay, and that she surely intended to visit him there and have him show her all his specimens. While Herrick was talking to Miss Kent, he noticed the child, that Miss Kent had called Hung-Hsiang, sitting in a dark corner of the room intently watching him. He was a queer-looking child, perhaps not more than ten years old. But his face! It had a wise, intelligent look. It was the face of a man. The forehead was wrinkled. The small, slanted eyes challenged Herrick from the shaded corner of the room.

"Indeed, Miss Kent, I shall be most happy to show you all my specimens when you come to Yamêus," said Herrick, turning his eyes from the haunting object to his more pleasant companion.

"That will be very nice—but I know you must be tired. Hung-Hsiang, do you want to show Mr. Herrick to his room—the one over the side porch?"

The boy glided forward, and Herrick, after saying goodnight to Miss Kent and her father, followed. After reaching the room, the child lighted a little night lamp and, without saying a word, started to leave. In the doorway he stopped, turned round, and gave Herrick the same challenging look as before. Then he left the room.

"He's a queer little devil!" thought Herrick. "I wish he wouldn't look at me that way. Well, I'm tired. I guess I'll go to sleep."

Herrick had been sleeping for about three hours when he was awakened by a scratching noise. The little lamp flickered, and for a while it was impossible to discern any objects

about the room. The noise continued; a short scratch—then, a longer one. What could it be? Then Herrick saw. At the opposite side of the room stood Hung-Hsiang on a table. He moved his arm up and down, seeming to scratch something on the wall. Then he stopped. He silently jumped to the floor and crept up and stared at Herrick; then he left the room.

Herrick waited for some time. What had that little, dwarfed creature done to the wall? Herrick was wide awake now, and he must see. He took up the lamp and went over to the other side of the room. There he found the word θάνατος written on the wall in charcoal. How could this little Chinaman know Greek? What did it mean? Herrick could not remember the word, but it was something about "death"! Well, to be sure, he would look it up in the morning.

When Herrick met Mr. Kent in the morning, he had a long talk with him about Chinese plates, coins, and charms. Mr. Kent had a splendid collection, and persuaded Herrick to stay at his house for another day and examine them. Both men spent the morning and afternoon in study, and it was evening before they saw Amy Kent to talk with her.

Herrick met her after dinner and told her he wished to ask her something. He explained the Greek word, which now he knew meant "death," and asked her how Hung-Hsiang had known how to write it.

Miss Kent smiled.

"It's a strange story," she said. "Father believes anything can be done with a bright child's mind if it is trained in the right way. We have had Hung-Hsiang at our house since he was two years old. He's almost eleven now. Father taught him to read when he was really a mere infant. Now he reads English, Latin, and Greek and knows ever so much more than I could hope to learn in a lifetime."

"Not yet eleven?" said Herrick, in amazement. "Well, his face looks like an old man's. Doesn't he ever make you feel queer or uneasy when he stares at you?"

"Well, no; you see I've always had him around, and he doesn't try to display his knowledge before me."

Herrick saw no more of Hung-Hsiang that evening. He was just a bit uneasy when he learned that the little wretch really understood what he had written. Perhaps it was a threat? Herrick sat in his room for some time that night, thinking of the strange affair. Anyway, he'd lie down on the bed and see if he would again be honored by a visit from the scholar. He waited a long time, but finally his vigil was rewarded. Hung-Hsiang came to the door. He stood there for some time, his little slanting eyes shining with a strange light, his pallid little face looking almost gray. Then he came nearer. He had something clenched in his left hand. There was not a sound in the room. He held up the object; it shone. It was a crescent-shaped knife, but it was closed. It seemed to have a peculiar fascination for the small, dwarfed creature. He gazed at it for some minutes, stroking it with his slender, brown fingers. Then he gave a soft chuckle and tried to open it. Hung-Hsiang pried and pulled in his effort to open the blade, but his little fingers were not strong enough. He put it to his mouth. His tiny teeth shone as he fastened them on the blade—it half opened, then snapped shut. Again, Hung-Hsiang tried, but in vain; the knife was too strong for him. He was excited now; he looked at Herrick with hate and jealousy burning in his eyes; then a sneering smile came over his odd, wrinkled face. He had a new idea, and quickly crept out of the room.

"He'll be back again," breathed Herrick. "There is no doubt about what the little fellow wants to do to me. But I don't want to hurt him. I guess the best thing for me to do is to get out." Saying this, he stepped to the window

overlooking the porch, grasped the bough of a sheltering gingko tree and swung to the ground. Almost immediately he heard a step, and Miss Kent advanced to meet him.

"I am so glad you have come!" she said. "You had better follow me."

"But why are you here? How did you know?" was all Herrick could ask.

"Hung-Hsiang came to my room several minutes ago and hunted for something. I saw his face and I knew he was in trouble. I was just going to call you."

"But where are we going now?"

"I will explain," replied Miss Herrick. "You may think me inhospitable, but I trust you will understand. I am going to send you over to Yamêus by boat. It is almost morning now, and I can have one of the men row you over. You see, Hung-Hsiang seems to have taken a particular dislike to you. I know he likes me very much, and I think, since he has never known any Englishmen but father and Dr. Lawrence, it makes him jealous to have you even talk to me. I don't know if it is wise to send you away, but it was the only thing I could think of when I saw how the child was acting. Here we are at the wharf."

Herrick, after a moment, got into the boat. It was almost light by this time.

"But, Miss Kent," he said, "I can't let you go back alone; suppose he should harm you?"

Amy Kent smiled. "I'm not afraid for myself. It's you he hates."

The boat was now some distance from shore. Herrick looked back. He saw Amy Kent standing there alone. Then a little figure rushed up, threw itself prostrate on the ground before her, and salaamed twice.

An Offending Button

PATTY was frankly bored. Here she was with nothing but a dull magazine and a box of chocolates to entertain her in a hot train that, like all the Southern variety, stopped at every little way station, and sometimes, as now, when there was not even a way station for an excuse. It was June, and Patty was on her way home from college. All her friends, who had left school with her early that morning, had gotten off either at Chattanooga or Birmingham, and now Patty was all by herself.

"And there isn't even an interesting-looking person in the car," she thought. "Well," I reckon I'll go get a drink. I must do something," so she leaned over her suit case and, after taking from it a little glass, she went down the car.

She was on her way back, swaying a little with the motion of the now moving train. She had nearly reached her seat when she felt a jerk at her neck, and looked down to find that her watch chain, swinging wide with the lurch of the car, had caught and fastened itself securely about the coat button of a young man.

Patty blushed swiftly and rosily; first, because the young man was so amazingly good-looking, very much resembling, in fact, those pictures of young men which adorn the advertisements of "Quiver" collars in the street cars and magazines; second, because the chain was caught in such a way that she had to bend her head very close to that of the young man's in order to disentangle it.

The young man, on his part, was also somewhat confused, a state which was pardonable when one considers that it is not every man who awakes from a day-dream to find himself chained to a very pretty young lady. He was so much

confused, in fact, that his efforts to untangle the chain resulted in his getting it tighter than ever.

Patty, meanwhile, was becoming more and more flushed and embarrassed, and the frank admiration in the eyes of the young man did not tend to decrease her agitation.

Finally Patty sank down on the seat, and wrung her hands helplessly. "Oh, it's awful! It just won't come off. I'm afraid you'll have to cut the button," she said, not very coherently, but with such a comical expression of despair on her face that the unfortunate owner of the button threw back his head and gave way to a hearty laugh, in which Patty, after a moment's hesitation, frankly joined.

"It is funny, isn't it?" she said. "I was bored to death and just wishing something would happen, but I hardly thought it would be anything like this."

"I was bored, too, and I'm very glad it is something like this," he repeated, taking out his knife and cutting off the offending button.

Patty flushed a little and rose, going to her seat.

"Can't I come, too, and talk to you a little while?" he begged. "We were both bored, and I'm all right. Really! My name is——"

"Don't tell me," interrupted Patty. "I'm bored," she went on, hesitating a little, "and it seems silly not to talk to you a little, after this, but—I don't approve of making acquaintances on the train," she considered; then, with a quick smile, she said, "I'll tell you what we'll do! I'll call you Mr. Brown and you call me Miss Smith, and after we get to Atlanta neither one of us will ever see the other again. That won't be really getting acquainted, will it? But we can talk a little and amuse each other on the way."

"Mr. Brown" looked somewhat dissatisfied with the conditions, but, accepting the main point as gained, he sat down and made himself so agreeable that Patty almost found her-

self wishing that she had met this pleasant fellow in the regular way and might allow the acquaintance to continue. "Mr. Brown," for his part, was inwardly pondering just how to get an introduction and an invitation to continue the acquaintance, for he felt sure, after one look at Patty's determined little chin, that without a regular introduction they would do just as she said when they reached Atlanta—go opposite directions and not see each other any more, and that was what he was determined to prevent.

"Second call for dinner! Dining car forward! Second call!" The steward, looking blacker than ever in his spotless white uniform, was reminding Patty that she had been too much excited to eat breakfast, and that chocolates were very slender fare.

"Won't you come to lunch with me?" "Mr. Brown's" voice at this moment was most persuasive, but Patty had decided to be firm. If she went to lunch with this young man, it would be even harder than it was now to break off the affair, and to break it off she was determined; so she said firmly, "No. I'm sorry, but I never dine on the train."

The man's face fell. "But you know this is the last chance I'll have to talk to you. My station comes in just half an hour."

"I'm sorry," said Patty.

"Won't you relent," he pursued, "and let me call on you at Atlanta? I wan't to so much, and it really does seem as though fate had brought us together on purpose. Please!"

"No," said Patty, firmly. "I couldn't possibly, though I do thank you for keeping me from being bored to death. Good-bye."

She held out her hand, and there was nothing for the young man to do but take it and say good-bye, however much he might wish to stay.

Patty waited until he left the car, after one rather wistful glance at her, and then she sat down by the window until

she saw his station go past. She waited a few minutes, and then went into the dining-car to get her lunch.

The waiter led her to the only unoccupied chair, which, she noted absently, was at a little table for two, the other seat being occupied by a man. Not until she was settled did she discover the identity of her *vis-à-vis;* then she blushed violently, for she found herself looking into the rather guilty eyes of "Mr. Brown."

"You!" she said, dazedly. "Why, I thought——"

"I thought you never dined on the train," he interrupted her swiftly, deftly turning the attack.

"I—I—," she stammered, but then, recollecting that he, not she, was the guilty one, she composed her face into an expression of great severity.

"It is not a question of whether or not I dine on the train. That is a matter of no consequence."

"Yes, it is," he murmured, but she paid no attention.

"I wish——," but he interrupted her cheerfully.

"I suddenly remembered that I had some very important business to transact in Atlanta—er—some matters for our law firm."

"Oh!" Patty did not look altogether convinced.

"By the way," he went on calmly. "My sister, Bess, asked me to look up a Miss Patricia Burns when I went to Atlanta. Ever hear of the lady. Bess roomed with her at college, I think. She raved about her in all her letters."

"Why—why——," stammered "Miss Smith," "you aren't Brother Billy? Bess talked about you from morning till night." Then, seeing that he looked rather dazed, she said quickly, "Why, you big silly, I'm Patty Burns! I'm so glad to meet you!" and with a formal little bow, but a very merry twinkle in her eyes, she put out her hand across the little table to the amazed, but wholly delighted, Billy.

ELIZABETH STANFORD.

A Freckle

"HERE comes the bride, here comes the bride," rang in Kathaline's ears. Oh, how the sound of those magic words thrilled her! And to think that she, Kathaline Cosgrove, was to be in a wedding and come down the aisle just in front of the real bride. She was living in Fairyland; it was too good to be true. She moved in a perfect trance. She paraded up and down the hall, as she knew she would on the eventful night, when she would be clad in the most beautiful white dress, with the loveliest pink—oh, the most delicious pink sash that one could imagine. She could hear the music, feel the quiver of expectancy that would run over the great throng of people crowded in the church. Every eye would be turned on her and she, in magic tread, would go down the aisle throwing flowers for the bride to step on. Now, this seemed a shame to Kathaline. Why did all of those beautiful flowers have to be thrown away for "Sister" to walk on and crush. But, then, weddings were curious, anyway, and she would have to leave the minor details to "grown-ups," because the most important thing in Kathaline's mind was that she was in the wedding.

Now, Kathaline had been reading fairy tales of beautiful weddings, in which the bridesmaids and flower-girls all were described as beautiful young ladies "with complexions as fair as a lily." "As fair as a lily," she thought. How beautiful that sounded! Yes, every one in a wedding was always "as fair as a lily," and she, Kathaline, had freckles! This fact cast a dark cloud over her. Freckles were the most horrible things in life.

That night Kathaline dreamed of the wedding as usual, but the beautiful little girl was no longer there; in her stead was a little girl with one huge freckle for her face. This

horrible dream had a strange effect on Kathaline. She did not enjoy the stolen peeps at the lovely dress mother kept put away so carefully, because above it she could see only the little girl with the huge freckle for her face! "As fair as a lily," rang in her ears. Something must be done! She could not stand the agony of it all! Somehow, the trance was broken. She was miserable. Oh, what could she do? She ran to her mother's dressing table and took the forbidden powder puff and dashed it over her nose. No! The hateful freckles loomed up underneath the thick coat of powder. She would ruin the wedding! Sister would hate her! Everybody would laugh at her! She would rather die than be in a wedding with freckles. Oh, why did any one have freckles anyway? She threw herself down on the bed to weep bitter tears over her misfortune. Yes! She would die, die, die, before she would put one foot inside of the church. What was that grating sound? She ran to the door and looked down the hall, where she saw black Sam rubbing the floor with sandpaper. What was he doing that for? Maybe Sam knew something about taking freckles off, because he was awfully wise. She came nearer, and called, "Hello, Sam!"

"How d'y' do, Miss Kathaline," answered Sam, with a broad grin.

"Say, Sam; do you know how to take off freckles?"

Sam considered a minute. "Well, I know one of the blackest niggers that had used——," he glanced hopelessly around, because he couldn't profess ignorance on any subject. "Oh, sandpaper, and rubbed it just like this." He gave a vigorous demonstration on the floor. It never occurred to Kathaline to ask why he didn't try it on his face instead of the floor. Besides, the twinkle in his eye was lost on Kathaline in her seriousness.

"Heah, Miss Kathaline; you just take a little piece of this," he said, tearing off a small piece of sandpaper, "and

at eleven o'clock stand so the moon shines over your left shoulder and rub and rub like this." Again he demonstrated on the floor.

Kathaline ought to have known better than to have believed Sam, because somehow he always did manage to play tricks on one, but she was in great need, and this seemed the one way out. So, taking the cherished sandpaper in her hand, she stored it away until the magic hour was at hand.

If at dinner that night Kathaline did not do justice to the chicken salad, usually the delight of her life, and if the ice cream did not seem the one thing to be desired, we must not blame her, because her thoughts were with the sandpaper and her freckles and then—"the lily-white complexion."

She ran up to her room, after dinner, and practiced so that the light would shine over her left shoulder, and waited for the big clock to sound the hour at which she should perform the magic rite. "One, two, three——," the clock struck eleven. Taking the sandpaper in trembling hands, she gave her nose one long rub. She was a brave little girl, but how could Sam tell her to do anything that hurt so much? She, though, was willing to suffer almost anything. So, taking on an expression of fierce resolution, she prepared for the ordeal. "One, two, three——" No, she could not! "One, two, three, rub!" But her hands had lost all of their enthusiasm; she could not make them rub her face. Then, suddenly, before she knew it, she had rubbed and—oh, such pain! She looked in the mirror What a sight greeted her! A red nose, without one bit of skin! This was unbearable. She threw herself down on the bed and cried and cried until she fell asleep in her misery.

At twelve o'clock mother came in and found her asleep on her bed. Why, what was the matter with the child? It was so unlike Kathaline to cry. Why, look at her nose? She

must have had a dreadful fall. But what was that rolled up in her hand? She saw the tell-tale sandpaper and guessed its use.

It may be said that when Kathaline walked down the aisle she in every way fulfilled her expectation. She was everything that she had dreamed that she would be. Mother had put some of the loveliest-smelling cold-cream and powder on her nose, and if it was difficult to regard her with a straight face, yet Kathaline had the consciousness that she was "as fair as a lily."

Sue Williams.

EDITORIALS

The Sweet Briar Endowment Fund.

As June approaches and our college year draws to a close, it is only natural that we should pause and take a sort of retrospective inventory. What has the year meant to us? Wherein have we gained? Wherein have we developed?

As we ask ourselves these questions, some disappointments, it is true, flit across the horizon. We may not have accomplished all that we had wished, but in the main, we feel a thrill of satisfaction as we look back on these months spent at Sweet Briar—months during which toil has abounded with laughter, and labor has been joined with mirth. Glorious months have been these, months filled with golden days, days that have left on us a never-to-be-forgotten impress.

Our hearts swell with love and enthusiasm for this college nestled in the hills of old Virginia. She has done so much for us; what, in our turn, can we do for her? How can we repay her for the difference that she has made in our lives, for the opportunities that she has afforded us for growth and development? How, indeed, but by making possible for her—this *Alma Mater* of ours—an enlarged field for service and influence, and helping her toward a realization of her highest potentialities?

This Sweet Briar, as we know it, is not fully formed, but only the germ of what it is capable of becoming, of what it will become if each student who goes from these walls does her part in assisting the development. Already many of us have a glorious vision of the future. Sweet Briar—a well-equipped library, a science hall, a gymnasium, a chapel, more dormitories, and scores of other wonderful things, all of

which will be a reality and not a dream when Sweet Briar has an endowment fund.

Now, raising an endowment fund is not such a difficult task if all those interested in Sweet Briar lend their assistance, individually and collectively. If each student contributes as generously as she is able, if the various college classes and organizations bend their energies in this direction; if the different chapters of the Old Girls' Association determine on raising each year a certain amount; if those who have wealthy friends interest them in the marvelous possibilities of our college, an endowment fund will soon be raised and the future Sweet Briar realized.

Sweet Briar needs our efforts, and it should be our duty and privilege to rally to her call. Inspired by the vision of the future, and in memory of the life here that has meant so much to each one of us, let us all, students, old girls, and alumnæ, work towards raising this fund, which will make Sweet Briar a well-equipped college and which, most important of all, will place her future upon a firm and stable basis.

AN ALUMNA.

This appeal from an alumna who realizes that an endowment fund is a vital necessity to the future which we all hope Sweet Briar will have, can not be put before the girls too strongly. When we realize how young our college is, that we are now completing only our eighth session, it seems all the more remarkable that we have succeeded in maintaining from the very beginning a position among the colleges of the first rank. This is the position we must keep. Sweet Briar, with her campus of three thousand acres, including a lake, and situated, as she is, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, has wonderful possibilities. The only thing necessary to assure us that Sweet Briar will progress in equal

measure with her sister colleges is an endowment fund. Without this we are practically powerless. The mistaken idea that Sweet Briar is heavily endowed is very widespread. Indeed, she has the reputation of being a wealthy school, and many of her friends, as well as the girls themselves, will be surprised to learn that the only endowment fund which we have is about five hundred dollars, raised entirely through the efforts of former students. The old girls have begun to understand that if we are ever to realize our ideas of the complete Sweet Briar, with a chapel, a science hall, an art building, a gymnasium, along with fountains and drives in addition to the present buildings, it must be due largely to the efforts of the girls themselves.

The college, as we know it, forms only one corner of the beautiful and imposing quadrangle which has been planned by the architects. Even before we can begin on these new buildings money is needed, actually needed, to enlarge the staff of instructors and to secure new equipment. There is a wonderful opportunity for some large-minded person who can see the possibilities of Sweet Briar to do really creative work and to actually make the college. Our chief hope, however, lies in the girls themselves, for no one will be willing to help us until we prove that we are capable of helping ourselves, until we show that we have the welfare of our college so much at heart that we are willing to put forth strenuous efforts to make further progress possible. It is true that many of the girls who come here do not stay four years and graduate, and hence can not feel the intense loyalty of alumnæ toward their *alma mater*. However, even the girls who have been here as specials should realize that a college is really something to give to, that their tuition can never begin to repay Sweet Briar for all the good that they have received here; that it is their duty to do everything possible for Sweet Briar in return for the opportunities which she

has afforded them. This should appeal especially to the alumnæ, for the very value of the degrees for which they have worked will depend on the future position of the college. The Class of 1913 has set a splendid precedent in leaving as their class gift a sum of money to be added to the endowment fund, and it is probable that in the future the classes will follow this example.

Now, the question arises as to what we ourselves can do. It has been suggested that the College Club should make a special effort to increase this fund, turning over to that end the money left in the treasury at the end of this year, and possibly giving a play of some kind at the beginning of the next session.

There are about six hundred girls who have studied at Sweet Briar at some time or other scattered throughout the country. If these girls would make an effort this summer, surely by September 15 each one could send at least ten dollars back to Sweet Briar. Ten dollars could be collected in various ways with little effort; and if each girl would do so, we should have a fund of six thousand dollars, which, though small, it is true, would make a splendid beginning. Possibly some of the girls who read this article will really endeavor to do their share. They can do it in two ways: first, by bringing the subject to the notice of other girls who have not read the magazine, and, second, by raising money themselves and sending it to Miss Marion Peele, at Sweet Briar. At any rate, you are all urged to do your utmost in supporting the College Club and the Old Girls' Association in the plans which they hope to carry out.

Y. W. C. A.

REVERENCE

Surely there is no one of us who would not be ashamed and mortified if any one should tell her that she was irreverent, and yet when we stop and think for a moment, we must admit that sometimes our order in chapel is, to say the least, thoughtless and inconsiderate. We are not children, and it seems absurd and undignified that rules and restrictions should be necessary for chapel. Surely, religion is a domain in which no proctors should be needed.

We know what are the essentials for good order in chapel, and we know, too, in what respects we fall short of the standard. Reverence for things that are sacred has been instilled into us from childhood, but, aside from our personal feelings, respect and consideration for the religion of others demand that we do nothing to disturb their worship.

THE BLUE RIDGE CONFERENCE

This year Sweet Briar will send ten delegates to the Blue Ridge Conference, which will meet at Blue Ridge, North Carolina, from June 2 until June 12. We are making a special effort to have a large and enthusiastic representation. The girls whom we send will have the opportunity to take Bible-study classes and to give and receive ideas for Y. W. C. A. college work. Outdoor life, with all of its attractions, is one of the charms of the convention. The enthusiasm with which the Blue Ridge Conferences are described by girls who have previously attended them is a convincing proof that the delegates may expect real help for the serious side of college life, and a thoroughly enjoyable time in the open air.

Athletic Report

In Athletics, basket-ball has been honorably superseded by tennis, and field day is a thing of the past. The latter event was quite disappointing. Unfavorable weather had prevented sufficient practice, and the spontaneous attempts were far less successful than those of last year. Nevertheless, three records were broken: the baseball throw and the shot-put by Ruth Maurice, and the fifty-yard dash by Clare Shenehon. The first places in the various events were as follows:

Fifty-yard dash: Clare Shenehon, 7 seconds.

Running broad jump: Ellen Hayes, 14 feet 8 inches.

Standing jump: Harriet Harrison, 6 feet 11½ inches.

Baseball throw: Ruth Maurice, 184 feet 2½ inches.

Hurdles: Mary Bissell, 9 seconds.

Hop, skip, and jump: Ruth Maurice, 28 feet 8¼ inches.

Basket-ball throw: Ruth Maurice, 65 feet 6 inches.

Shot-put: Ruth Maurice, 28 feet, 11 inches.

High jump: Clare Shenehon, 3 feet 11 inches.

Two-hundred-fifty-yard dash: Clare Shenehon, 32 3-5 seconds.

But, if field day proved disappointing, tennis has been a great solace. In this sport, the Freshmen have proved their superiority in a match with the other college classes. Other tournaments are now in progress, but so well matched are the contending forces that it is impossible even to predict the victress.

Dramatics

Our Mutual Friend, presented by the Merry Jester and Rippler Chapters, was a type of play not often given here at Sweet Briar. In it the action is subordinated to the character portrayal, a statement which holds good also in Dickens' novel. On the whole, the play was good, although the lack of action made it become rather tiresome before the five acts were over. Several of the individual characters were splendid. Henrietta Washburn gave a most successful interpretation of "Majestic Ma," and Margaret Grant made an appealingly comic figure (if the paradox is permissible) of henpecked "Cherubic Pa."

Action was not lacking in the Junior play, *Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard,* from the moment the red curtains parted, disclosing Mrs. Briggs at her washtub, till the melodramatic *dénouement.* The play abounded in comic situations, funny speeches, and local hits; and pigs, chickens, and sizzling flatirons gave it a most realistic flavor. It was worth twice the admission price to see Margaret Grant as Mrs. Briggs and to hear her nasal twang and her remarks about lies and "stretchers." The other members of the cast were almost equally as good.

The Sophomores, assisted by the Seniors, gave *Captain Jinks* on Saturday, April 25. Aurelia Trentoni is the principal character about whom the whole play is built. Indeed, the play might well be called *Madame Trentoni* instead of *Captain Jinks,* so camparatively unimportant a part does that gentleman play in it. Rebecca Stout, as the fascinating prima donna, gave convincing proof of her dramatic talent, especially in the dance scene at the end of the second act.

Rachael Forbush was a great success as the ardent lover, Captain Jinks; Antoinette Camp, as the newsboy, and Alice Swain and Constance Russell in their double characters were also worthy of mention.

Instead of the Shakespearean play which it has been the custom heretofore to give at commencement, *The Little Minister* will be presented this June. With our beautiful dell for setting, the story of Babbie and Gavin promises to be as successful a final play as any which have preceded it.

Cast

Gavin Dishart.....Ellen Hayes
Lord Rintoul.....Rachel Forbush
Captain Halliwell.....Ruth Watkins
Lady Babbie.....Martha Darden
Felice, her maid.....May Foster
Thwaites, butler.....Floy Huntley
Thomas Whamond, chief elder.....Dorothy Lydecker
Rob Dow.....Harriet Evans
Micah Dow.....Rebecca Stout
Snecky Hobart.....Jane Henderson
Andrew Mealmeker.....Alice Swain
Silva Tosh.....Miriam Jones
Sergeant Davidson.....Jane Tyler
Joe Cruickshanks, atheist.....Edith Christie
Nannie Webster.....Anne Schutte
Jean, manse servant.....Antoinette Camp

Exchanges

One of the most noticeable and unusual features of the progressive *Talisman* (Florida State College for Women) is its department, "Points of View." It is a space devoted to the discussion of every-day matters, and must be exceedingly helpful in lessening school friction, for all have equal opportunity to present matters in various lights. The letter on "Honor" discusses a topic which should be marked by all—the importance of maintaining a high integrity in the commonplace.

Very few of our exchanges print as good poetry as we find in *The Mary Baldwin Miscellany.* "A Smile" is a truly beautiful little piece, which reflects credit on author and magazine. "In the Valley" and "The Origin of the Narcissus" are equally meritorious, and we congratulate the editors in being able to procure such material. After these roses, we can not resist an egg. The story, "Home," has a loosely woven plot and defies the unity of time, so necessary for effectiveness in a short story.

We have only words of praise for *The Wells College Chronicle.* It presents unhackneyed fiction, good verse, worth-while essays, and pithy editorials. It seems to the reader that the magazine is near the apex of its aim—high standard.

Attractive binding, decoration, and good printing on good paper makes *The D'Youville Magazine* stand apart from other college publications. These features, combined with its interesting contents, command the respect and the envy of all of us struggling editors.

We would omit the heading "Literary" which tops the opening page of "The Only Way Out" in the Woodbury Forest *Oracle.* Although the style is forceful, it is wasted on such an intolerably sentimental and morally weak plot.

In this day of great adverse criticism of the prevailing educational system, it is refreshing to meet with so enthusiastic a champion of its moral worth as the author of "Moral Instruction" in *The Lesbian Herald.* We stand with you.

The author of "The Hour of Worship" in *The Tattler* (Randolph-Macon Woman's College) has a rare command of quaint oriental language, and has succeeded exceptionally well in producing local color and character delineation through conversation. A quiet, unavoidable despair permeates the story.

College Happenations

Vaccination—with and without disputation—made the days before vacation memorable.

The bromidic greeting on returning to S. B.:
"Have a good time?"
"Swell! Did yours take?"
"Nothing doing. Did yours?"
"Well, I should say. Look here!"

The Glee Club concert on March 28 was a great success. Mr. Woodrum's solos were enjoyed by all. Through his kindness (and our efforts) we can bequeath a creditable sum to that fragile infant, Organ Fund.

The Reverend Mr. Mayo, whose work has been so successful among the Virginia mountaineers, held the service on March 29, and left a vivid impression of the importance of social work done at home.

On April 4 the Y. W. C. A. Extension Committee entertained the Cabinet and Advisory Board at tea in Sweet Briar House.

Dr. Harley gave us the evening of April 5, and read Kipling to an appreciative audience in Randolph parlor.

The catastrophe at Wellesley has resulted in stringent fire rules and frequent drills. We live in nightly terror of being forced to use the new fire escapes. Were you one of the unfortunate wretches who were routed from bed by the sample signals on Monday morning?

The Orchestra Concert of April 11 was its greatest success, and Miss Hull and the members were warmly congratulated.

Majestic Ma, Cherubic Pa, and the Boffins were the stars of *Our Mutual Friend,* given April 4 by the Seniors. "Peace, Lavinia!"

Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard was the laughable play the Juniors gave on April 13.

Mr. Dew explained the Currency Bill before the Current Events Club on April 22. Dr. Jones spoke on the Mexican situation, April 29.

The law is now off on snipes.

Tempus keeps fugiting right along, and our days at S. B. 1914 are numbered.

Why does spring fever attack us at the most frantically busy time of the whole year?

"IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY"

It was on a gray and rather breezy afternoon that the old gardens blossomed prematurely, a truly kaleidoscopic mass of gaily colored flowers. In the distance was heard the sound of voices happily announcing the fête of the May Queen. Gradually the boxwood circle became filled with the subjects, who strolled and sauntered, when suddenly the music began. Instantly the setting changed. Eagerly pressing forward, the blossoms formed an aisle, faces turned expectantly in one direction. Slowly and gracefully appeared the procession of girls, clad in soft rainbow hues, strewing flowers in the path

of the Queen. She appeared a new-found butterfly, a delicate flower, the Queen of the May! Graciously smiling on her bowing subjects, she gained the flowery throne. The coronation ceremonies over, she arose and gave fitting welcome to all and bade them be merry.

Again there was a subtle change. Dancers appeared, and with sinuous arms, skipping feet, and smiling faces sought favor of their Queen as they danced before her throne. The May pole was wound, unwound, braided and unbraided for her pleasure.

When all had finished, the Queen arose and, between aisles of subjects and court, passed out under flowery arches.

Fête in Honor of the Queen of May

Sweet Briar, May 4, 1914

The Queen of May.....Ruth Maurice
The Maid of Honor.....Marion Bacharach
Presenter of the Scepter.....Elizabeth Green
Presenter of the Garland.....Jane Tyler

The Court

Caroline O'Bannon
May Foster
Ellen Hayes
Rachael Forbush

Flower Girls

Rebecca Stout Elsie Palmer

The May Day Dance was held in the Refectory from 9:00 P. M. until 2:00 A. M., and was a great success. The New Willard Orchestra from Washington furnished the music, and was more than satisfactory.

News from Old Girls

On April the twelfth was born Jane Stewart Le Blanc, daughter of Mrs. Stewart Affold Le Blanc, née Ida Ross.

The marriage of Jamie Sexton to Mr. Peter Hagner Holme on May the fourteenth has been announced.

Many old girls were back for May Day. Among them were Florence Hanckel, Mildred Cobb, Lucille Schoolfield, Nancy Watson, Sallie Watson, Elise Lloyd, Carolyn Gwathmey.

A considerable number of alumnæ are expected commencement, especially members of the Class of 1913. An alumnæ meeting has been set for Tuesday afternoon.

Sense and Nonsense

CURRENT EVENTS

'Tis certain that we must keep up to date
In politics and wars, as well as clothes.
'Twould never do to be behind the times,
And not know what the Ulster Movement meant,
Or what was being done in Mexico.
Then there is always New York politics,
While Panama keeps Washington upset
And gives the Senate something to debate.

FAYE ABRAHAM.

IMITATIONS OF IMMORALITY

The snow is lying all around;
  It lies both far and near;
It doth my tender spirits wound—
  Those grievous lies to hear.

It lies to me, it lies to you,
  It lies to one and all,
And did it ever tell what's true—
  It was before its fall.

ON TRANSITIONS OF MODERN THOUGHTS

There was a tavern by the road,
  Where good ale ran quite free;
A mother's son went in and drank,
  A sorry sight to see!

He drank some beer, he drank some ale,
He drank from neck to toe;
The neighbors all exclaimed at once,
"That *son* is sinking low."

The *sun* was sinking in the west,
All bathed in glorious light;
The little stars were sticking 'round,
To welcome in the *night.*

A gentle *knight* was pricking there,
A-pricking on the plain.
He pricked it once, he pricked it twice,
Again, and yet again.

"Oh, gentle knight," I cried, aghast,
"All clad in gold and gray,
Don't prick so hard, I know it hurts;
Oh, please, your lances *stay.*"

"These *stays* are tight," the plump maid sighed,
"The size is thirty-nine.
I always wear a forty-two;
I know these can't be *mine.*"

Down in the *mine* the miner went,
His feet were large and wet;
He stubbed his toe—he gave a jerk,
He may be *jerkin'* yet.

His *jerkin* to the rafter caught,
It was a lofty sight;
He said some words he hadn't ought—
Let's leave him in his plight.

Directory of Sweet Briar College

OFFICERS OF THE COLLEGE

President.....Dr. Mary K. Benedict
Treasurer and Business Manager.....William B. Dew

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

President.....Rebekah Patton
Vice-President.....Anne Schutte
Secretary.....Abbie Munroe
Treasurer.....Clare Erck

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

President.....Henrietta Washburn
Vice-President.....Dorothy Grammer
Secretary.....Anne Schutte
Treasurer.....Constance Russell

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President.....Alice Swain
Vice-President.....Clare Erck
Secretary.....Laura Portmann
Treasurer.....Harriet Harrison

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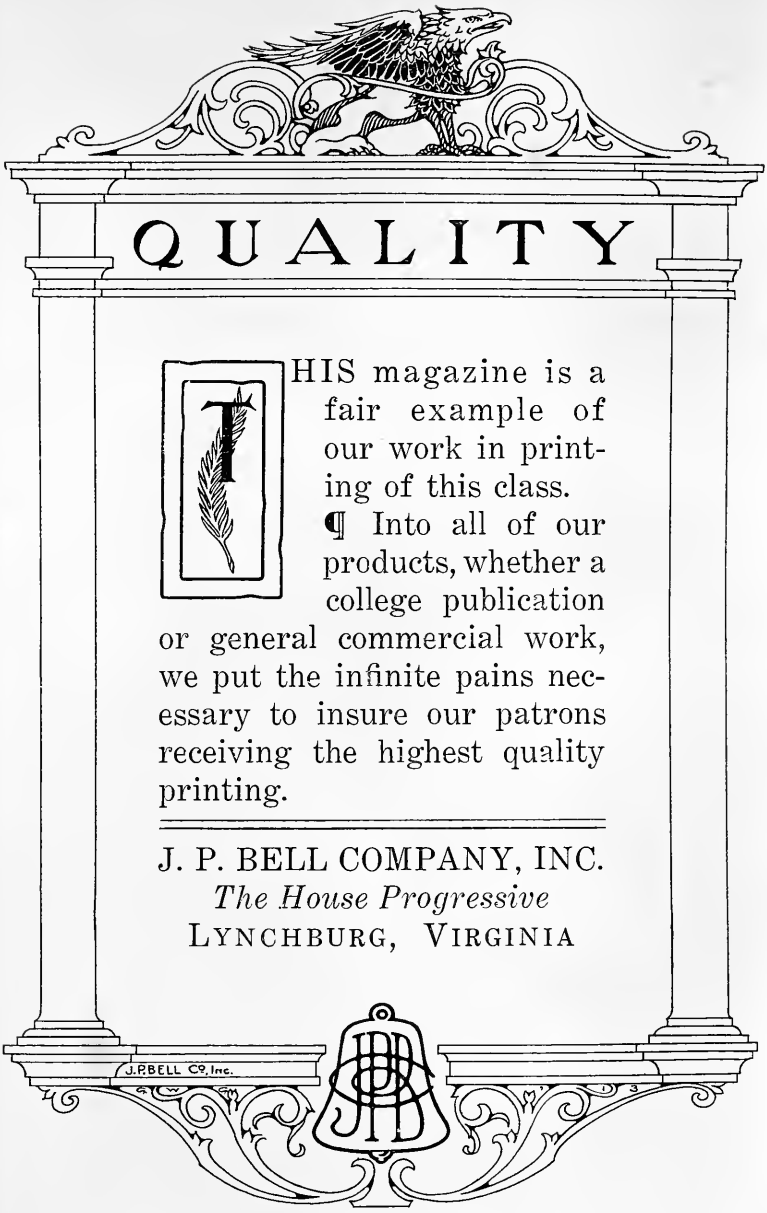
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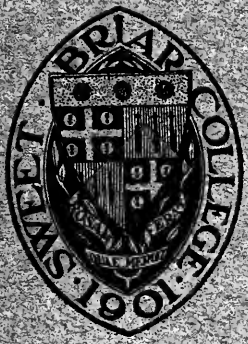

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